MY BOOK HOUSE

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THE MAGIC GARDEN

THE MAGIC GARDEN OF MY BOOK HOUSE

EDITED BY
OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

PUBLISHERS
THE BOOK HOUSE for CHILDREN
CHICAGO

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Miska and the Man-With-The-Iron-Head

A Hungarian Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there lived in a little hut in Hungary a very poor family and when the oldest son was just grown to be a big lad, the father said to him one day, "Miska, my son, thou art now grown almost to manhood and we are so poor that I can feed thee no longer. The time has come when thou must go forth into the world and find employment. Go, son, and God will keep thee."

So Miska put a piece of bread in his knapsack, took his stout walking stick, kissed his mother, father and sisters and set forth into the world.

He wandered through seven times seven countries till all at once he met a very old, old man with a very long, long beard.

"God give thee good day, my grandfather," he said to the old man with reverence.

*Hungarian music is as colorful as this folk tale. It has curious runs, twists, and turns which Hungary owes to her gypsies. *Hungarian Rhapsodies* by Liszt and *Hungarian Dances* by Brahms have much national feeling.

"To thee, also, my son," said the man. "Where art thou going and what dost thou seek?"

"I am going out into the world to seek a job," said the lad.

"Then come and serve me," said the man, "for I am in need of a servant. True, I can't pay thee much but serve me for a year and I will give thee something."

Now Miska was glad to find work; so he went home with the old man, agreeing to accept for his services whatever the old man would pay. For a year he served his master obediently and faithfully and as he was a clever lad, industrious and honest, his master was well content; but when the year was up and Miska was dismissed, the old man gave him his blessing and nothing more for his labor except a little nut.

Very sad at heart, the lad started out toward home. His family were so poor. They needed so much in their hut and here for all a year's work he was bringing home nothing, nothing at all save a nut. He walked and he walked and he walked till at last he became so hungry that he decided to eat his nut.

"Such paltry pay as this means naught to my family," he said. And with that he cracked the nut. But look what happened then! Out of the nut there came running many tiny horses and many tiny cattle and many tiny sheep, and when they touched the ground, these animals grew and grew until they were the size of

ordinary horses, ordinary cattle and ordinary sheep. Miska's heart leapt for joy. What a treasure he had now! But in another moment those animals ran away, scattering over the plain. He could not keep them together and he saw they would all be lost. So he sat down on

his fur coat and bowed his head for grief.

But all at once there appeared with a mighty clashing and clanking a very giant of a man whose head was made of iron. And the iron man said, "What ails thee?"

And Miska replied: "Good sir, how can I help but be sad when I worked a year for a nut and having no more sense than to crack that nut just now, I found all these animals here came springing out of the nut. And they are so many in number that I cannot drive them home."

"A hard task, truly," said the man. "But I have an offer to make thee. I will drive all these animals back into the nutshell even to the last lamb if thou wilt agree not to marry. Or in case thou dost marry thou shalt promise me that I may cut thee to mince-meat and dry thy flesh for tobacco to smoke up in my pipe."

Well, what could the poor lad do? He wasn't at that moment thinking much of the girls and he wanted beyond aught else to drive those flocks and herds back to his needy family. So he gave his word and agreed.

Then the Man-With-The-Iron-Head whistled three times very loudly and he lifted his great whip which was such an one as horse-herds use on the far-stretching plains of Hungary and he cracked it three times in the air. And lo! all those vast herds of horses, of vanishing cows and sheep came running from all directions. They began to grow smaller and smaller until each tiny animal was scarcely bigger than a pin-head. Then they crept back into the nutshell crowding over each other even to the last lamb. And when they were all inside, the nutshell closed again and there was the treasure safe. So Miska shouted for joy and

he took the nut in his hand and continued on his way homeward.

Reaching the little hut where all his poor family lived, he cracked the nut on the doorstep and out there sprang in a moment all those beautiful animals. Well, the poor man and his wife and all their daughters cheered and they rounded the animals up and got some young herdsmen to tend them. They took Miska into the hut and made much of the lad and they listened while he told them all that had happened in the year. Then they sold some of the animals and bought themselves fields and vineyards until they became in time the richest farmers in seven counties. And they took good care of the beasts, and they took good care of the farm. And all of them worked and prospered. But then it chanced one day that the farmer said to his son:

"Miska, the time has come for thee to raise a family of thine own and I have already selected a worthy lass for thee to marry."

Then the heart of Miska was sad for now he wished to marry. And he said: "Father, thou knowest that I cannot marry unless I am ready to die; for the iron-headed man will come and cut me up into mince-meat and dry my flesh for tobacco. Thou knowest I cannot marry." But the father only laughed.

"The iron-headed man was joking. Moreover, it is certain he does not live in these parts and will never hear of thy wedding. In case he should appear, which is really not at all probable, I will prepare a race horse ready with saddle and bridle, so thou canst leap on his back and gallop away in a twinkling."

Well, they laid their plans for a wedding with a mighty baking of cakes, with sewing on bridal garments and many grand preparations. But on the night of the feast when the guests were all very merry with dancing, eating and drinking, suddenly in the room a clashing sound was heard, a sound like the clanking of iron, and there appeared looming up above the heads of the guests the Man-With-The-Iron-Head, laughing with fiendish glee.

"Hey, boy," he said to Miska, "thou hast married just in time —in the nick of time for me. For this very day, my lad, I used my last bit of tobacco!"

But Miska leapt out through the window, straight on his horse's back. Like a whirlwind he rode away. The iron-headed man jumped after him. He ran at full speed at his heels.

Well, they raced and they raced and they raced through seven times seven countries and beyond the shining glass mountains till Miska outdistanced the iron man. Then he came to a little white cottage where lived a little old woman.

"God give thee good day, my grandmother," Miska said.

"To thee likewise," said the old woman. "But why didst thou come here, where not even a bird can come?"

"I'm running, granny," said Miska, "into the great world."

"My son," replied the old woman, "if thou art running away for some wrong-doing of thine own, then thou must turn back."

"I've done nothing wrong," said Miska. "I'm running from the iron man." So the woman invited him in and said she had a little dog who would bark if the iron-headed man came as near as seventy miles. And she cooked a very good dinner and Miska ate with relish till the dog began to bark. Then the woman hurried him off but she gave him before he went a kerchief of many colors, and a little twisted cake, both of which gifts she bade him keep with very great care as they would one day serve him well.

Then Miska thanked the old woman and once again raced forth through seven times seven countries and over other glass mountains till he came to another white cottage where lived another old woman. And he greeted her politely as he had greeted the other and the old woman asked him in and cooked him a very good meal and he stayed till her little dog barked, when this old woman, too, gave him a twisted cake and a kerchief of many colors and hurried him off on his way. And he raced as swift as the wind through seven times seven countries and over other glass mountains till he came to another house where lived another old woman. And he greeted her politely and the old woman asked him in and he stayed till her little dog barked when this old woman, too, gave him a cake and a kerchief and hurried him off on his way. But before he went she said:

"For seven days, ride toward the sunset. With the next day's dawn thou wilt see a wall of endless fire. Beat that fire with thy kerchiefs, and a passage will open for thee. Then as thou ridest through, cast the three twisted cakes backward over thy head and see what will come to pass."

So Miska thanked the old woman and rode away like the wind. And by and by he saw before him a mighty sheet of fire, rising straight up to the sky. He beat the flames three times with the kerchiefs that had been given him; a passage opened at once and he rode in safety through, though there towered on either side of him great flaming walls of fire. And as he rode he cast the three cakes backward over his head. Lo, they became in a moment three enormous dogs. And the first dog yelped, "My name's Goodear! I can hear a blade of grass growing at a distance of seventy miles!" And the second dog yelped, "My name's Ironstrong, for I am as strong as iron!" And the third dog yelped, "My name's Weigh-much! I can press hard rock into dust merely by force of my weight!" And the dogs ran along after Miska.

But now as he passed through the flames, the iron-headed man came raging straight to the edge of the fire. The passage closed in a twinkling before his very nose. Then the iron man shouted with wrath, "Do not rejoice, thou rascal! One of these days I'll catch thee and thou shalt end as smoke and ashes in my pipe!"

And he settled down to wait before the wall of flames till a passage should open for him.

But Miska now found himself in a very beautiful land, lovely and green as a garden and embroidered with bright-colored flowers. In time he came to a cottage where he found an old woman spinning before her spinning wheel and with her a beautiful girl who was combing her golden hair.

"Whither goest thou?" asked the old woman.

"To get a good job," said the boy.

"Then stay and serve me," said the woman.

So Miska stayed with the woman and served her in all things well. He ploughed and he harvested for her and he went hunting with his three dogs. But now the beautiful maiden with the hair of fine spun gold came to love Miska dearly and Miska loved the maiden; for the bride he had left at home had been of his father's choosing and not of his own selection. So these two beautiful young folk loved each other well. But the maiden felt in her heart one dark little seed of doubt that the story Miska had told of opening a passage of entrance through the wall of Endless Fire by beating it thrice with three kerchiefs was not really true. And the dark little seed of doubt kept growing and growing and growing till all her soul was dark. And she resolved in secret to test the magic qualities of the kerchiefs of many colors. So one day while the boy was working far off in a field, she went to the Endless Fire and she beat it thrice with the kerchiefs. Then lo, the passage opened, and the terrible iron-headed man who had been lying in wait these days and days and days, came rushing through

at full speed, raging and clashing and clanking. Seeing so dreadful a figure, the maiden ran off in fear.

And now who comes home but Miska, bringing his three dogs with him and suspecting nothing at all. Watching him come, the iron man hid behind a tree. There he waited to catch the boy without his protecting dogs. Well, Miska came whistling along, locked his dogs in the stable, and went to look for the girl.

Then out sprang the iron-headed man, clashing and clanking and raging. In a twinkling Miska beheld him and made for the nearest tree, climbing in no time at all up to its highest branches. But the iron-headed man below laughed in an ugly way and cried, "Thou cunning pup! Now I've caught thee, I have!"

Miska bethought him quickly what to do in this case. Quietly he whispered the names of his three dogs, keeping his voice so low that the man beneath did not hear him. But Goodear heard him at once and said to the other dogs, "Our master is in danger."

So Ironstrong rose in his strength and kicked the stable to bits and out flew the dogs in a hurry. Weigh-much jumped on the iron man and pressed him out flat as a disk. Ironstrong picked him up and tossed him so high in the air, that he did not fall back for a week and then he was only dust!

Well, that was the end of the iron man but now what was Miska to do? He felt that he must return to the family and bride he had left and yet how he loved the maiden with the hair of fine-spun gold. His heart was heavy within him and her heart

was heavy, too. And much she reproached herself for doubting her young lover and letting the iron man in. But what could the poor things do? She gave the boy a ring and wept and wished him Godspeed. And Miska was soon on his way back to his family and bride. As he left the Endless Fire the three trusty dogs turned again into three twisted cakes. Miska picked them up and returned them to the old women together with the kerchiefs and he thanked them all for their help.

Thus he came again to the farm. His parents and his sisters all received him with joy, but his heart was heavy within him for loss of the beautiful girl. Yet when he asked for the lass his father had chosen as bride, his parents hung their heads.

"We all thought thee dead," they said. "And thy bride has married a lad who lives in a neighboring village. They are very happy together." Well, that was no bad news for Miska; he might very well have rejoiced, but still he could feel only sadness; for how now could he get back through that wall of Endless Fire to the lovely golden-haired maiden? As he thought of her with longing he twisted the ring on his finger, wishing with all his heart that he could see her at once. And lo, there she stood before him; for that was a magic ring she had given him at parting. Blushing and smiling for joy, the golden-haired maid stood before him. And they were married next day and the other bride danced at the wedding and they all lived happily ever after.

Tudur ap Einion

A Welsh Fairy Tale

FAR UP among the mountains, there lies a little hollow called The Elves' Dell. Once upon a time there was a young man named Tudur ap Einion, who used to pasture his master's sheep there. One summer night Tudur was about to return to the lowlands with his flock, when he began to loiter along and grumble to himself that it was stupid business tending sheep, and he wished a gay lad like himself might have a little fun now and then. Suddenly he saw, perched on a stone near him, a little man in moss breeches with a fiddle under his arm. He was the tiniest wee creature imaginable. His coat was made of birch leaves, he wore a gorse flower for a cap, and his feet were shod with beetles' wings.

Tudur naturally loved music and dancing; for, in Wales, every village has its annual music festival. The *crwth*, a stringed instrument played with a bow, is typically Welsh. *Men of Harlech* is the national anthem of Wales.

As Tudur stared open-mouthed at the little man, the latter took up his fiddle which was nothing more than a stringed wooden spoon and ran his fingers across it.

"*Nos dawch! Nos dawch!*" said the little man, which means in English, "Good-evening to you! Good-evening to you!"

"*Ac i chwithan!*" replied Tudur, which is, being interpreted, "The same to you!"

"You are fond of dancing, Tudur," went on the little man, "why do anything so stupid as to tend sheep? Tarry here awhile, and you shall see some of the best dancers in Wales. I—," he swelled out his chest as he spoke, "I am their musician."

"But if you are a musician, where is your harp?" asked Tudur, loitering still more slowly. "No Welshman can dance unless someone plays on the harp."

"Harp!" cried the wee creature scornfully. "I can play better music for dancing upon my fiddle."

"Is that a fiddle," asked Tudur in great curiosity, "that stringed wooden spoon you have in your hand?"

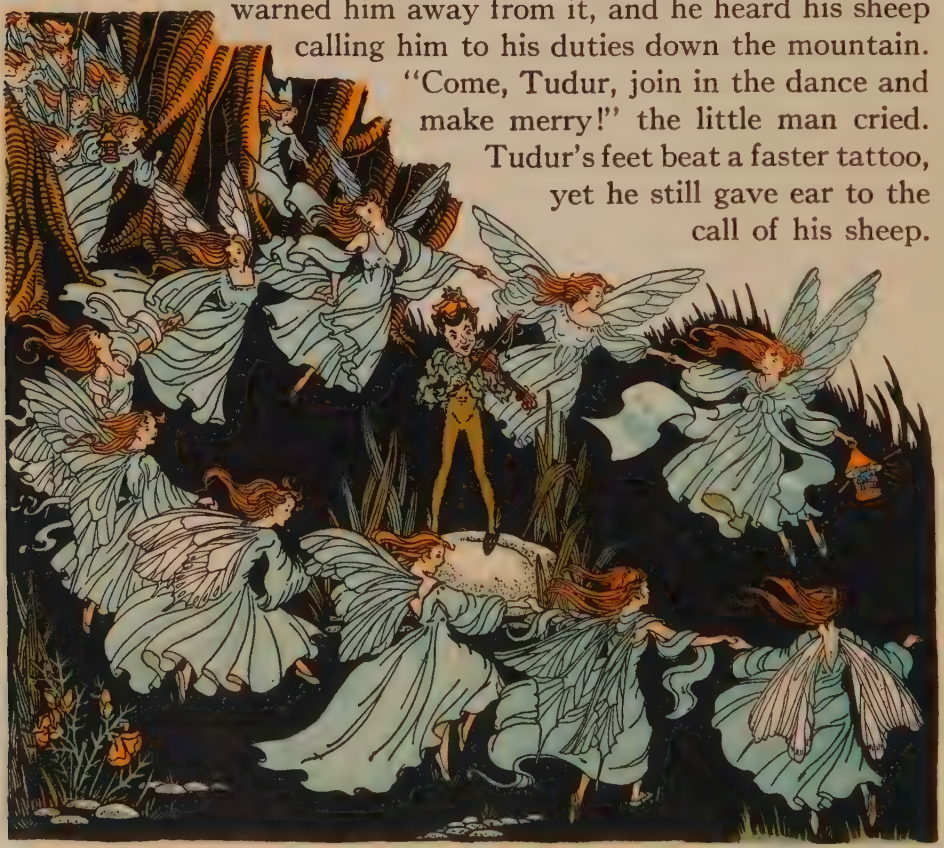
For answer the little man nodded his head.

And now through the dusky twilight, Tudur saw hundreds of pretty little sprites come tripping from all parts of the mountain toward the spot where he stood. Some were dressed in white, some in blue, and some in pink, and some carried glowworms in their hands as torches.

So lightly did they step that not a blade of grass nor any flower was crushed beneath their weight, and all made a curtsy or a bow to Tudur as they passed. Tudur responded at once to their advances by doffing his cap and bowing to each in return.

Presently the little minstrel drew his bow across the strings of his instrument, and the music he produced seemed to Tudur so enchanting, that he turned farther and farther away from his sheep and listened, open-mouthed.

At sound of the sweet melody, the fairies (if fairies they were) ranged themselves in groups and began to dance. Round and round they went as the bow of the little minstrel flew. All the dancing Tudur had ever seen could not compare with this. His feet began to keep time to the music. He longed to step into the magic circle. Yet there was something in his breast that warned him away from it, and he heard his sheep calling him to his duties down the mountain. "Come, Tudur, join in the dance and make merry!" the little man cried. Tudur's feet beat a faster tattoo, yet he still gave ear to the call of his sheep.



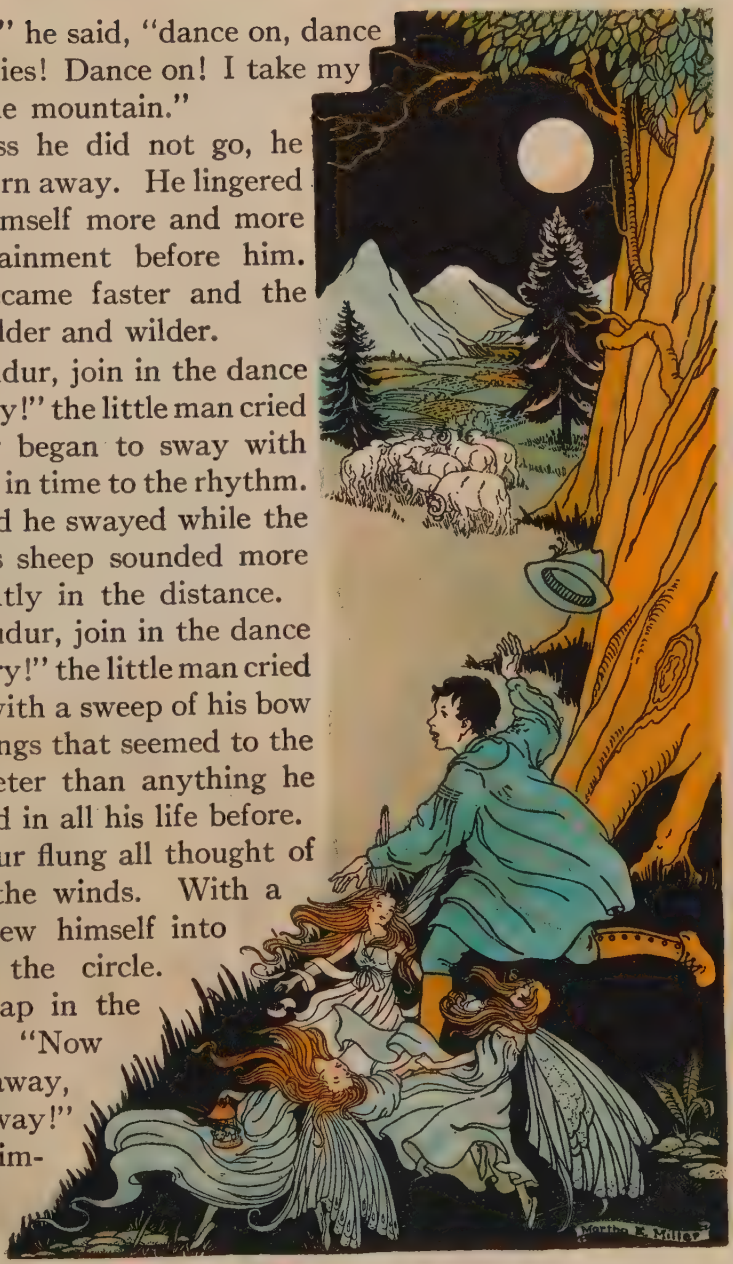
"Nay, nay," he said, "dance on, dance my little beauties! Dance on! I take my sheep down the mountain."

Nevertheless he did not go, he did not even turn away. He lingered and yielded himself more and more to the entertainment before him. The music became faster and the dance grew wilder and wilder.

"Come, Tudur, join in the dance and make merry!" the little man cried again. Tudur began to sway with his whole body in time to the rhythm. He swayed and he swayed while the bleating of his sheep sounded more and more faintly in the distance.

"Come, Tudur, join in the dance and make merry!" the little man cried a third time, with a sweep of his bow across the strings that seemed to the shepherd sweeter than anything he had ever heard in all his life before.

Then Tudur flung all thought of his sheep to the winds. With a bound he threw himself into the midst of the circle. Hurling his cap in the air, he cried, "Now for it! Play away, fiddler! Play away!" And he gave himself wholly up to the dance.



But what a change! No sooner was he within the ring that had seemed so pleasant when he stood looking on from without, than in a twinkling, all was altered. The gorse-blossom cap vanished from the minstrel's head, a pair of goat's horns branched out instead, and his face became as black as soot. The creatures that a moment before he had thought so beautiful, now became ugly goats and dogs, while some took the shape of foxes and cats. And in the midst of these Tudur went dancing on! At length the motion grew so furious that Tudur could not make out the forms of the dancers at all. They whirled round and round him so rapidly that they looked like a wheel of fire. And still he flung himself about and waved his arms in time to their music. How gladly he would have torn himself away, but it seemed to him that he could not. In the midst of the ugly company he had chosen, he was forced to dance on and on and on.

Next morning, Tudur's master went up the mountain to see what had become of his sheep and his shepherd. He found the flock safe and sound halfway down to the valley, but was astonished to see Tudur spinning around like mad in the midst of the hollow, all by himself.

"What in the world is the silly lad doing?" he cried.

"O Master, Master, stop me!" shouted Tudur.

"Stop yourself!" replied the master. "In the name of Heaven, stop yourself! Stop yourself!"

At these words Tudur suddenly stopped and blinked his eyes. There was no ugly circle about him. There was only the morning sunlight, the rocky crags above, and the sheep awaiting his tendance on the green, flower-sprinkled mountain pastures.

"Tudur ap Einion, let me not find you deserting your sheep again!" cried his master.

Tudur hung his head and went foolishly back to his charges.

The Romance of Hine Moa

A Maori Folk Tale From New Zealand*

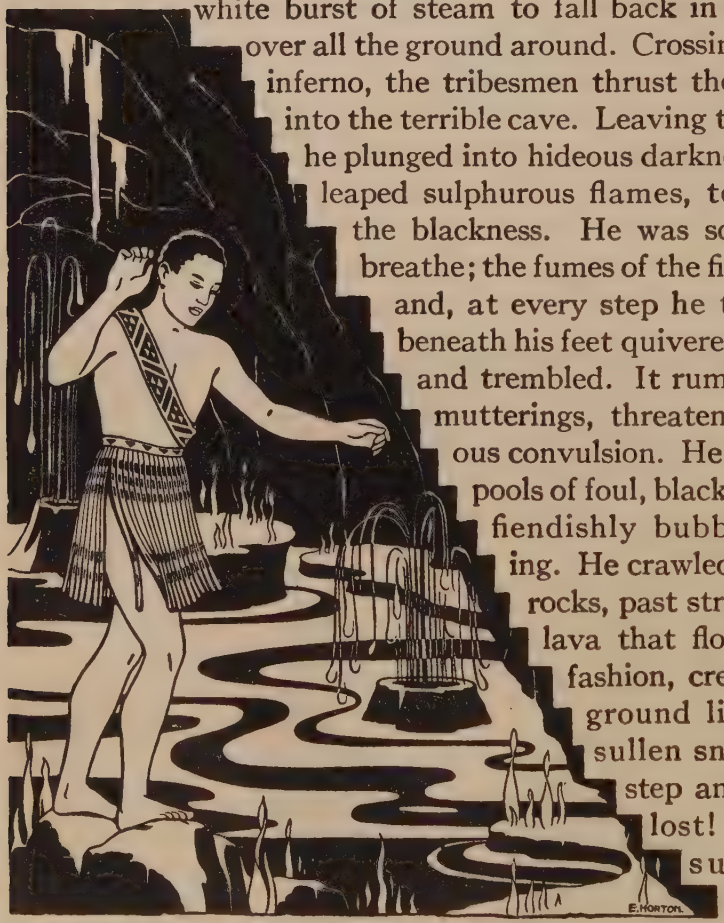
IN OLD days there lived in New Zealand beneath the towering mountains beside a bright blue lake, a lovely and graceful, brown maiden. She moved gloriously in the sunlight, clad in her bright-colored garments, against the patterned background of enormous giant ferns and the snow of great white blossoms. Her name was Hine Moa; she was daughter of a chieftain, and many were the youths who sought her for a wife. At length there came to her father—asking her hand in marriage—the handsome youth, Tutaneikai, son of a neighboring chieftain who lived across the lake. No sooner had Hine Moa seen this magnificent fellow than she lost her heart and wished to be his bride. Her father also looked with eyes of favor on the young man. He received him with ceremony—surrounded by the ancient images, carvings, and regalia that belong to a chief of high rank; and he entertained his visitor with a series of native dances.

*The wealth of color among Maoris and other South Sea peoples inspired the modern French painter, Paul Gauguin, who lived among them, to paint more gorgeous colors than any artist since Fra Angelico and the early Italians.

But there was, in the Princess's tribe, a jealous man named Tai. Tai loved the beautiful princess with a burning flame of fire. So he challenged Tutaneikai to meet him in friendly combat. The two had a trial of strength in the presence of Hine Moa and the great chief, who was her father, but the young Prince defeated Tai. So the villainous Tai fell back on trickery and deceit. Secretly creeping up to the storehouse of the chief, he stole some sweet potatoes. Now, among the Maori tribes, a chieftain's food is sacred and to steal it, is a sin like sinning against the gods. So Tai accused Tutaneikai of having committed the theft, and cleverly made it appear that the handsome young visitor to the tribe was guilty of the crime. Feasting and joy were ended; anger was in men's hearts. Tutaneikai was sentenced to a most terrific punishment. He must pass through the Valley of Fire. He must face the unspeakable horror of a great volcanic cave. If guilty, he would die. If innocent, he would pass in safety through the ordeal—protected by the gods.

The Maoris, native inhabitants of New Zealand, are the most intelligent, cultured, and gifted primitive people in the world. They have a wealth of folk tales and a keen sense of beauty as their wood-carving shows.

So the warriors of the great chieftain took the unfortunate prince and led him out through a wild, uncanny land of dark desolation beneath a frowning volcano that grimly brooded on the moment when it should erupt with fire. White puffs of steam burst continually here, there, and everywhere out of the rocky hillsides; hot lakes—pink, blue, and yellow—gleamed slimily at the base of brilliantly colored terraces, formed by the hot, flowing water. And with a terrific blast, a geyser shot up hissing amid a white burst of steam to fall back in scalding water over all the ground around. Crossing this seething inferno, the tribesmen thrust the young prince into the terrible cave. Leaving the light of day, he plunged into hideous darkness. About him leaped sulphurous flames, terrific against the blackness. He was scarcely able to breathe; the fumes of the fire were stifling; and, at every step he took, the earth beneath his feet quivered and throbbed and trembled. It rumbled unearthly mutterings, threatening some furious convulsion. He passed by ugly pools of foul, black, seething mud, fiendishly bubbling and boiling. He crawled over steaming rocks, past streams of molten lava that flowed in sinister fashion, creeping over the ground like some great sullen snake. One misstep and he would be lost! He would be sunk in some hideous pool!



But the heart of the Prince was innocent. He had been guilty of no crime, so he passed in safety out of the cave and returned to his father's tribe on the other side of the lake.

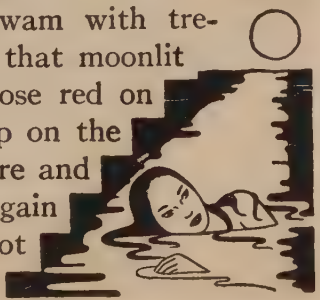
But now what a sadness was on him! He had lost his beautiful maiden. In the home of his father, he grieved. Nothing could comfort him. Months passed; and, at last, unable to bear any longer the sorrow of separation, the Prince called to him a messenger whom he could safely trust. "Seek Hine Moa," he said, "and deliver this message from my heart."

So the messenger went in secret to the village across the lake. In secret he found Hine Moa and told her the heart of her lover was forever crying for her. Hine Moa was deeply moved.

"Tell Tutaneikai I will come. On the night of the next full moon, I will come to him," she said.

But the villainous Tai, ever skulking about and spying upon the Princess, overheard the words she had spoken and hurried off to her father to tell him what had occurred.

The night of the full moon came. Gloriously it shone in a glitter of silver over the lake. Hine Moa stole from her home and down to the edge of the water. She expected to find a canoe there to take her across the lake. But, lo, when she arrived, every one of the many canoes drawn up on the shore of the lake, was guarded by a powerful warrior. Her father knew of her plans! Some one had betrayed her. The girl did not hesitate. She plunged at once into the water. Putting forth all her strength, borne up by her love and longing, she swam with tremendous effort all the long distance across that moonlit stretch of rippling waves. When dawn rose red on the world, she dragged herself exhausted up on the opposite shore. Her lover found her there and great was the joy of the two at being again united. But their happiness, alas, was not of long duration, for soon—bounding over



the lake—appeared great war canoes, each manned by thirty men and sent by Hine Moa's father. Warriors sprang out on shore and danced a hideous war dance. Step by step they advanced, grimacing with eyes and tongues till they looked like grotesque savage masks. Ever more frenzied they grew in the steps of that terrible dance. In a short time, maddened by the dancing, they would spring on the Prince's warriors and spears would clash in battle.

But there was one person existing who knew the truth about Tai and the theft of the sacred food. This was a serving-woman devoted to Hine Moa. Risking now, in this moment of danger and suspense, the displeasure of her chief, she went to him and told him all the truth of the matter.

Suddenly crossing the lake, the old chief appeared in his dignity before his dance-crazed warriors. He stilled the hideous tumult, then he called for the father of the Prince. Standing stately and formal along the shore of the lake, the two chiefs touched foreheads and noses in the ancient Maori manner of professing friendship and greeting. So Hine Moa and her lover were united and married at last; and once again the brown maiden moved glorious and graceful against the background of ferns, happy in the sunshine beside the sparkling lake.

East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon

A Norse Folk Tale

Once on a time there lived a poor husbandman who had so many children that none had food or clothing enough. Pretty children they were, but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so very lovely that there was no end to her loveliness.

'Twas on a Thursday evening late in the fall of the year. The weather was wild outside; rain fell and the wind blew till the walls of the cottage shook. There they all sat around the fire, busy with this thing and that. But all at once, something gave three taps on the window-pane,—tap! tap! tap! The father went out to see what it was, and, when he got out of doors, what should he see but a big, White Bear.

"Good evening to you," said the Bear.

"The same to you," said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter?" said the Bear. "If you will, I'll make you as rich as you are poor tonight."

Well, the man would be glad to be rich, but give up his daughter, no, that he wouldn't, he said. But the White Bear said, "Think it over; next Thursday night I'll come back and then you can give me your answer."

So the father went into the house and told them all that had happened. Now when the lassie heard how she could lighten the poverty of her parents and brothers and sisters, she said at once she would go. Let her family beg never so hard, go she would, she said. I can't say her packing gave her much trouble. She washed and mended her rags and made herself ready to start.

Next Thursday evening the White Bear came. She got on his back with her bundle and off they went through the woods.

"Are you afraid?" said the Bear.

"No, not at all," said the lassie.

So she rode a long, long way till they came to a great steep hill. The White Bear knocked on the face of the hill, a little door opened and they entered a castle, with rooms all lit up and gleaming, splendid with silver and gold. There, too, was a table laid. It was all as grand as could be. Then the White Bear gave the lassie a bell and told her to ring when she wanted anything.

Well, after she had eaten, she thought she would go to bed, and scarcely had she lifted the bell when she found herself in a room with a bed as fair and white as any one could wish to sleep in. But when she had put out her light she heard someone enter the room next hers, and there someone stayed until dawn. Night after night the same thing occurred. Not a single human being did the lassie see through the day but when all the lights were out, someone would enter the room next hers and sleep there

until the dawn. But always before the daylight appeared whoever it was, was up and off, so as never to be seen.

Things went on well for a while, but all day long the lassie had not a soul to talk to except for the White Bear and she knew not whether it was man or beast who slept in the next room at night. So at last she grew silent and sorrowful. Then the White Bear came and said, "What troubles you, my lassie? Here you have everything heart can wish. You have only to ring the bell and whatever you want is brought you."

"Nay then," said the lassie, "I am lonely. Who is it that sleeps in the room next mine?" At that the Bear begged her to ask no such questions. "Trust me," he said. "Don't try to find out and in due time you will know." Now the lassie was grateful to the Bear and fond of him, but in spite of what he said, she grew more and more sorrowful and more and more lonely. Who was it that shared the castle with her? Who was it? Who was it? Who was it? She was forever thinking of that one thing alone. All day long and all night long she wondered and fretted. Still for a long, long time she obeyed the Bear and did not try to find out. But at last she could stand it no longer. In the dead of night she got up, lit a candle and slipped softly into the next room. There asleep on a bed she saw the loveliest Prince one ever set eyes on. Slowly she crept up to him, bent over and kissed him. But as she did so, three drops of hot tallow fell from her candle onto his shirt and awoke him.

"Alas! What have you done?" he cried. "Now you have spoiled all that was gained by the months you were faithful to me. Had you held out only this one year, you would have set me free. For a witch has cast a spell upon me, so that I am a white bear by day and a man only at night. A year of good faith and you would have saved me, but now all is over between us. Back I must go to the castle *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

There I must marry the witch with a nose three ells long. She must now be the wife for me."

The lassie wept but there was no help for it. Go he must, he said. Then she asked if she mightn't go with him.

No, she mightn't, he said.

"Tell me the way there, then," said she, "and I'll search you out over all the world, no matter how hard is the journey."

"But there is no way to that place," cried the Prince. "It lies *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*, that is all I can tell you."

Next morning when the lassie awoke, both Prince and castle were gone. There she lay on a little green patch in the midst of the gloomy, thick wood, and by her side lay the same bundle of rags which she had brought with her from home.

When she had rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and wept at her loss of the Prince, she set out on her journey and walked for many days, until she came to a lofty crag under which an old woman sat tossing a golden apple. Her the lassie asked if she knew the way to the castle that lay *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*. But the old woman answered:

"All I know about it is that it lies *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon* and thither you'll come late or never. But go on to my next neighbor. Maybe she will be able to tell you more." Then she gave the lassie her golden apple. "It might prove useful," she said.

So the lassie went on a long, long time till she came to another crag, under which sat another old woman with a golden carding-comb. Her the lassie asked if she knew the way to the castle that lay *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*, but this old woman likewise knew nothing about the matter.

"Go on to my next neighbor," she said. "Maybe she can tell you." And she gave the lassie the carding-comb and bade her take it with her.

So the lassie went on and on, a far, far way and a weary,

weary time till at last she came to another crag under which sat another old woman spinning with a golden spinning wheel. Her too she asked if she knew the way to the castle that lay *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.* It was the same thing over again. She knew nothing, but this old woman said:

"Go to the East Wind and ask him. Maybe he knows those parts and can blow you thither." Then she gave the lassie her golden spinning wheel, and bade her take it with her.

So the lassie toiled on many days before she got to the East Wind's house, but at last she did get there, and then she asked the East Wind if he could tell her the way to the Prince who dwelt *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.* Yes, the East Wind had often heard tell of the Prince and the castle, but he didn't know the way, for he had never blown so far.

"If you will," he said, "I'll take you to my brother, the West Wind. Maybe he knows, for he's much stronger than I. Just get up on my back and I'll carry you thither."

Yes, she got on his back, and I should just think they went briskly along till they came to the West Wind's house. Then the lassie asked the West Wind if he knew how to get to the castle *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

"Nay," said the West Wind, "so far I've never blown, but if you'll get on my back, I'll carry you to our brother the South Wind. He has flapped his wings far and wide. Maybe he can tell you."

So she got on his back and travelled to the South Wind, and wasn't long on the way. And the lassie asked the South Wind

if he knew the way to the castle *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

"Well, I've blustered about in most places in my time," answered the South Wind, "but so far I've never blown. Just get up on my back, and I'll carry you to my brother, the North Wind. He is the strongest of all of us, and if he doesn't know where it is, you'll never find anyone to tell you."

So she got on his back, and away he went.

When they got to the North Wind's house, he was so wild and cross that they felt his cold icy puffs when they were a long way off. "What do you want?" he roared in a voice that made them shiver. Then the lassie asked the North Wind if he knew the way to the castle *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

"Yes!" roared the North Wind. "I know well enough! Once in my life I blew an aspen leaf thither, but I was so tired I couldn't blow a puff for ever so many days after. If you really wish to go so far and aren't afraid to come along, I'll take you on my back and see if I can blow you thither."

Yes, with all her heart! She must and would get there if she could possibly do it. And as for fear, no matter how madly he went, she wouldn't be afraid at all.

Early next morning they started. The North Wind puffed himself up, and made himself so stout, 'twas gruesome to look upon him. Off they went through the air, as if they would never stop till they got to the end of the world. Down below a storm raged.

They tore on and on—no one can believe how far they went—and all the time they still went over the sea. The North Wind got more and more weary, and so out of breath he could scarcely puff; his wings drooped and drooped, till he sunk so low that the crests of the waves went dashing over his heels.

"Are you afraid?" asked the North Wind.

No, she wasn't afraid.

But they weren't very far from the land, and the North Wind still had strength enough to throw her up on the shore. Now at last she was under the windows of the castle which lay *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

All through the day the lassie saw no one, but toward night she began to play with her golden apple, tossing it into the air. At that, out came Long-nose, who was going to marry the Prince.

"What do you want for your apple?" she asked.

"It's not for sale," answered the lassie. "But if I may get to the Prince, I will give it to you for nothing."

That she might, said Long-nose, and snatch! she seized the apple. But before Long-nose let the lassie in, she gave the Prince a drink that put him fast asleep, so though the lassie called him and shook him, she could not wake him up. Then along came Long-nose and drove her out again.

Next day the same thing happened. So long as it was light the gloomy old castle was still as death and no one even looked out of it. But at nightfall signs of life awoke, and when the lassie began to card with the golden carding-comb, out came Long-nose to buy it.

"It's not for sale for gold or money," answered the lassie. "But if I may get to the Prince, you shall have it." Now when the lassie went up this time she found the Prince fast asleep as before, and all she called, and all she shook, she couldn't wake

him up. Then along came Long-nose and chased her out again.

So the next night the lassie sat down under the castle window and began to spin with her golden spinning wheel. Long-nose must have the spinning wheel too; so in went the lassie once more. But this time, the Prince's servants had told him how a beautiful lassie had come and wept over him and called him two nights running. So, when Long-nose gave him his night drink, he poured it out secretly on the floor, and the lassie found, to her joy, that his eyes were wide open. Then she told him the whole long story of how she had made the far, far journey and the Prince wept and smiled and had great joy of her coming.

"You've got here just in the nick of time," cried he, "for to-morrow's to be my wedding. Be waiting at the gate and you'll see what you will see."

Well, the wedding was to be the next night in the dark, for witches and trolls can never endure the daylight. But when the time came, the Prince announced:

"Ere I marry, I'll see what my bride can do. Here is my wedding shirt, but on it are three spots of tallow. I'll have no other for a bride save her who can wash it clean."

"No great thing to do," said Long-nose. So when the moon stood high, shining over the tree tops, she hung a caldron of boiling lye in a clearing in the woods. Thither came running, tumbling, scolding, a whole pack of trolls and witches, long-nosed, red-eyed, ugly, a hideous sight to see. First Long-nose began to wash. She washed as hard as she could, but the more she rubbed and scrubbed the bigger grew the spots. "Oh, you can't wash! Let me try!" another troll woman cried, and wash, wash, wash,—every one in turn scrubbed away on that shirt. But the more they washed, the blacker and uglier grew the shirt, till at last it was black all over as if it had been up the chimney.

"Ah!" cried the Prince, "you're none of you worth a straw.

I'll have none of you for my bride. Why! look, outside the gate there sits a beggar lass. I'll be bound she knows how to wash better than your whole pack. Come in, lassie!" he shouted.

So in came the lassie, and almost before she had taken the shirt and dipped it in the water, it was white as the driven snow.

"You are the lassie for me!" cried the Prince. Then the witches and trolls rushed raging upon him, but ah! while they had been washing, the night had slowly waned. Just then the sun came up. The moment it pierced the mist and gloom and shone directly on Long-nose, she burst, like an empty bubble. The whole pack of trolls uttered horrid shrieks and hurried away toward the castle, but it was no use at all. The instant the sun struck them squarely, they every one of them vanished.

As for the Prince and Princess, they took hold of hands and flitted away as far as they could from the castle that lay *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*

How the Waterfall Came to the Thirsting Mountain

A Roumanian Fairy Tale

HIGH up among the wild Carpathians there was once a mountain that was dry and barren and rocky. Only a few poor trees grew on its rugged slopes, and here and there a clump of dwarfed and straggling bushes. Now the Old Man of the Mountain longed to have his mountain fresh and green, and covered with trees and flowers, so he called aloud to the Fairy who dwelt in the smiling meadows below:

"O Fairy of the Meadows, quench my thirst, I pray you, with a gift of living waters! Surely you at whose smile the meadows burst into bloom, have power to make me merry too, with the laughter of leaping waterfalls and the springing of trees and flowers."

The Fairy of the Meadows looked up at the barren mountain side; she listened to the parched, cracked voice of the Old Man of the Mountain and longed with all her heart to bring him life and bloom.

"O Man of the Mountain," she cried, "I know not at this moment how to make you a waterfall, but never again shall I be content till your slopes are as green as my meadows. I shall go out into the world and search, and you shall not see my face again till I have found you a gushing stream to leap down your barren sides and make them burst into bloom!"

So saying, the Fairy bade farewell to the Old Man of the Mountain and set out on her journey. She rode a faithful horse as she left the meadows, but she had gone only a short distance when she stopped beside a rosebush, made herself as small as a bumble bee and turned her steed into a butterfly. Then she

hitched her butterfly to the rosebush and sat down inside one of the blossoms to think what she should do. She was longing, longing to be wise enough to know where to find a waterfall, when suddenly she heard the sound of voices near her. Peeping out from her safe retreat in the rose, she saw not far away a beautiful Princess kneeling at the feet of an ugly Wizard. And lo! the maiden's glorious hair swept down her back like a waterfall and gleamed like a shining stream.

"O Wizard," the maiden was crying, "take my long hair if you will, but set free my father and give him back to me."

Then the Wizard seized the maiden's locks.

"Aye! I will have your hair," he snarled.

The heart of the Fairy was touched at once with pity, so she sprang on her butterfly and flew like a flash to the Princess. Close to her ear she darted, all unseen by the Wizard, and she whispered:

"Have courage, my maid. Give not your hair to the Wizard. He has no mind to give you back your father. Whatever your trouble, trust in me!"

On hearing these words, the Princess took heart. She sprang to her feet and though the Wizard still tried to hold her locks fast, they flowed through his fingers like water and slipped, rippling, out of his reach.

"Nay, false one!" cried the maiden. "I will keep my hair and still set my father free! Begone from my sight!"

At that, the Wizard, snarling once more, vanished in a mist.

"Now," said the Fairy to the Princess, "tell me your trouble."

So the Princess took the Fairy in the palm of her hand and, between much weeping, this is the tale she told:

"My father is Michael, a great lord and hospodar of this land. Some years ago he learned that Dracul, the Wizard, who lived amid the barren crags and the thirsty crags, had in his keeping a wonderful sword that sprang from its sheath whenever

there was need of defending the pure and the good. Having need of such help to keep the peace in his kingdom, he besought the Wizard to lend him the sword. Now Dracul seemed all too willing to get the sword out of his way, so he gave it into my father's keeping, but he made him promise, under penalty of the direst punishment, that I should never touch it, nay, nor so much as mention it to anyone. The sword did many a noble deed and for a long time I obeyed Dracul's command. But one day my father chanced to leave it near me as I sat weaving. Scarcely were we alone when I heard an imploring voice. 'Save me, O maiden!' it cried, 'save me! Let but the hem of your gown touch me. I am a knight and boyar whom the Wizard imprisoned in the sword! He feared lest I should find the secret that would destroy his power to weave wicked spells. Ah, maiden, touch me but once and I shall be free!'

"The knight's voice moved me deeply. Kneeling beside the sword, I gently touched it. Then behold, O fairy! The sword was shattered. From its flashing pieces there sprang a fine young boyar in steel and silver. He knelt and kissed the hem of my gown.

" 'O maiden,' he cried, 'to you the deep thanks of my heart are due. I go forth into the world to search for the secret that will destroy Dracul's evil power. Farewell till we meet again.' And he sped over the terrace and out through the palace gates.

"Scarcely had he gone, when my maidens came rushing to tell me that at that very moment, my father had suddenly disappeared, and I knew that the Wizard had punished my deed by spiriting him away. By sunlight and starlight I traveled, by moonlight and dreary dark, and threw myself at Dracul's feet,

but alas! Dracul has ever coveted my hair and you yourself know that he will not restore my father, save at the price of my locks."

Thus the Princess finished her tale.

"Trust me," said the Fairy, "we will yet learn the way to save your father." So she changed her butterfly into a horse again, bade the Princess mount the steed before her, and together they galloped away, over hill, over dale, toward the Wizard's castle.

As they went, the Fairy noticed how the Princess's beautiful hair waved and sparkled in the sunlight, and when the wind blew a single thread away, it fell on the grass by the wayside and turned into a strand of glistening dew drops.

"Ah," thought the Fairy joyously, "if one thread of her hair makes a strand of dew drops, might not all of it make a waterfall?" In her heart she was sure that she knew the reason why Dracul of the barren crags and the thirsty crags was so determined to get those shining locks, and she believed that in serving the

maiden, she could also accomplish the purpose for which she had left her green meadows and the parched Old Man of the Mountain.

They were just about to mount the hill toward the Wizard's castle, when who should come dashing across their path and draw rein before them but that fine young boyar, the Knight of the Sword himself.

"Fair maiden," he cried, "I have heard but now how you and your father have been punished because you set me free. Be at rest. I have learned what the magic power is that will destroy Dracul's evil spells."

"Ah," said the Fairy, "I too am seeking to save the Princess and her father. Tell me the charm."

So the Knight leaned over and whispered the secret into the Fairy's ear. At his words a great light shone in her face. Then she bade the Princess spring down from the horse, and the young Boyar gallantly offered to guard her well, while the Fairy went on to the castle. Up to the great gate she rode and she blew three blasts on a silver horn that hung by the great portcullis. In answer to her summons out came Dracul himself.

"I crave," said she, "a room in your castle in which to rest, and, above all, a goblet of cool, fresh water."

Now Dracul had no water to give, as the Fairy knew full well, for all his wells and springs were as parched and dried up as his wicked heart. But this was a powerful Fairy whom the Wizard did not wish to offend, so he pretended to receive her graciously and bade her rest in a splendid chamber while he went to fetch her the drink. Then he hurried off to the dungeon where he kept Michael, the hospodar.

"Aha, great hospodar, that rulest over rats and dungeon vermin," he mocked, "I have stolen your lovely daughter and taken her away to a far off land. Never shall you see her more."

The words were false, but the Wizard knew that they would

bring tears to Michael's eyes. And while the poor father wept, Dracul caught the tears in a golden goblet and carried them off to serve to the Fairy.

"Here," said he, "is your cool, fresh water." The Fairy, however, knew what was in the goblet, and when the Wizard had left her alone, she waved her wand and caused a beautiful maiden to spring up from the tears.

"Fair creature," said she, "you are all goodness, tenderness and beauty, for you are the child of loving tears. When the Wizard sees you, the evil will die in his heart."

"Ah," said the Tear-Maiden gently, "whoever looks deep into my eyes is melted at once with compassion."

Soon, back came Dracul blustering into the Fairy's chamber. Suddenly he saw, tall and beautiful before him, her eyes beaming with sorrowful gentleness and tenderness, a mild light glowing about her—the Tear-Maiden.

"Whence came you?" he cried in a fright and clapped his hands over his eyes. "Away! Away! Away!" But no one made answer. Only the Tear-Maiden continued to beam on him gently, softly, sorrowfully. And Dracul felt the light of her gaze go deep down into his heart. Slowly he dropped his fingers from his face and looked long and full into her eyes. Then his head fell on his breast, his shoulders drooped, his lips began to quiver, his chest heaved and he burst into tears of repentance.

"Ah," said the Fairy, "this maiden will stay forever by your side. If you would be able to look into her eyes and smile instead of weeping, there is but one thing to do—bring me Michael, the hospodar, free!"

Without a word, Dracul turned away and hurried off to fetch Michael. Then the Fairy ran to the window and joyously waved her kerchief to the Princess and the Boyar. The Boyar took the Princess up onto the horse before him, and off they dashed to

the castle. When they entered the Fairy's chamber, there stood Michael himself with the Wizard, and the Princess threw herself joyously into her father's arms.

As to Dracul, amid all the rejoicing, he stood humbly before the Tear-Maiden and looked again deep into her eyes.

"Ah," said the Fairy to the Boyar, "his power to work evil spells is gone forever. Your charm worked well."

Then the Princess knelt in gratitude before the Fairy and cried:

"O you, who have brought us such joy—what may I do for you? My dearest possession I would gladly give to show you how deep is my gratitude."

"Then," said the Fairy, "give me your hair."

So the Maiden, of her own free wish and desire, gave the Fairy the locks that all the power of the Wizard could never get from her.

Back to the Old Man of the Mountain went the Fairy. And she hung that gleaming strand from the highest crag on the mountain top. Then suddenly, lo! it began to ripple and wave, and in another moment, down it gushed in a torrent, leaping

from rock to rock, laughing, roaring, tumbling, flinging forth sheets of shining spray. And wherever it went, there the mountain burst into splendid bloom.

"This for my thanks," said the Old Man of the Mountain, in a voice now firm and full, and he flung down into the Fairy's lap a carpet of brilliant flowers.

"It was worth searching for—that waterfall," said the Fairy of the Meadows.

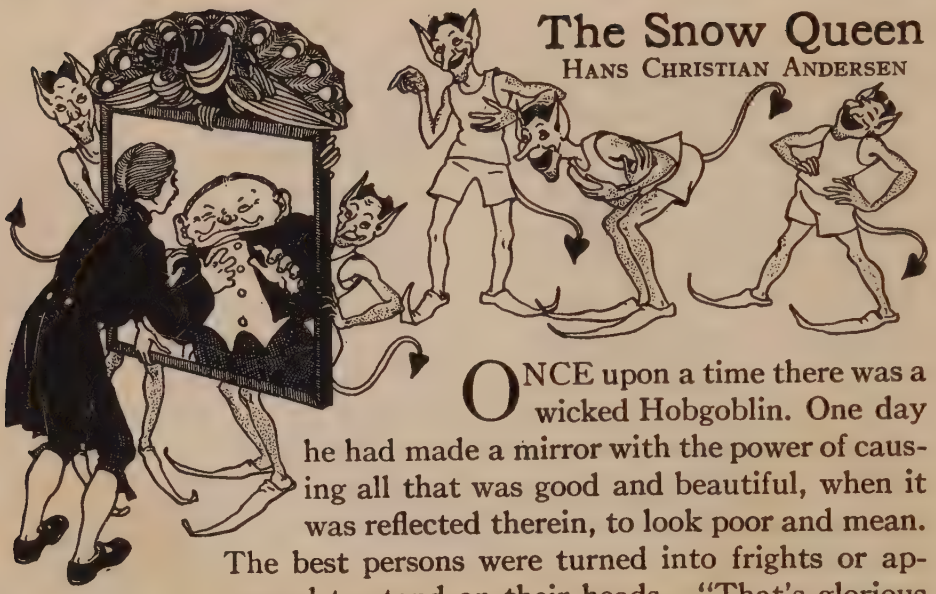
THE CATARACT OF LODORE

ROBERT SOUTHEY

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me.

. . .

Advancing and prancing and glancing
and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling
and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming
and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing
and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping
and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling
and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping
and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing
and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are
blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.



The Snow Queen

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked Hobgoblin. One day he had made a mirror with the power of causing all that was good and beautiful, when it was reflected therein, to look poor and mean. The best persons were turned into frights or appeared to stand on their heads. "That's glorious fun!" said the Hobgoblin.

All the little Hobgoblins told each other that now, only, would it be possible to see how the world really looked. They ran about with the mirror; and, at last, there was not a land or a person who was not represented there twisted all out of shape. So then, they thought they would fly up to the sky and have a joke there. The higher they flew with the mirror, the more terribly it grinned; they could hardly hold it fast. Suddenly the mirror shook so terribly with grinning, that it flew out of their hands and fell to the earth, where it was dashed in a hundred-million pieces. And now it worked much more evil than before, for some of these pieces were hardly so large as a grain of sand, and they flew about in the wide world, and when they got into people's eyes, there they stayed; and then people saw everything perverted, or only had an eye for that which was evil. Some persons even got a splinter in their heart, and then their heart became a lump of ice. And now we shall hear what happened.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

In a large town, where there are so many houses and so many people that there is no room left for everybody to have a garden, there lived two little children. They were not brother and sister, but they loved each other just as much as if they were. Their parents lived opposite each other in two attic rooms. The roof of one house just touched the roof of the other with only a rain-water gutter between them. They each had a little dormer window, so one had only to step over the gutter to get from one window to the other. Out on the leads, the parents had placed two wooden boxes in which grew pea vines, vegetables, and some little rose trees. In summer the children were allowed to sit out on the roof among the roses.

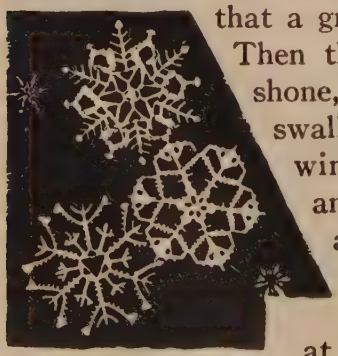
In winter there was an end of this pleasure. The windows were often frozen over, but then they heated copper pennies on the stove and laid the hot pennies on the windowpane. Thus they made capital peepholes through which to look out at each other. The boy's name was Kay, the girl's was Gerda.

Out-of-doors there was quite a snow-storm. "It is the white bees that are swarming," said Kay's old grandmother.

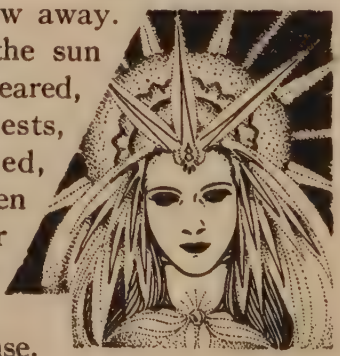
"Do the white bees choose a queen?" asked the little boy, for he knew that the honeybees always have one.

"Yes," said the grandmother, "she flies where the swarm hangs in the thickest clusters. Many a winter's night she flits through the streets and peeps in at the windows, and then they freeze in wonderful patterns that look like flowers."

In the evening when little Kay was home, he climbed up on the chair by the window and peeped out of the little hole. A few snowflakes were falling, and one, the largest of all, remained lying on the edge of the flowerpot. The flake of snow grew larger and larger; and, at last, it was like a beautiful maiden, dressed in the finest white gauze made of a million little flakes, like stars. She was so lovely and delicate, but she was of ice—of dazzling, sparkling ice. Her eyes glittered like two stars. She nodded toward the window and beckoned with her hand. The little boy was frightened and jumped down from the chair. Then he fancied that a great white bird flew away.



Then the spring came, the sun shone, green leaves appeared, swallows built their nests, windows were opened, and the little children again sat in their garden high up on the leads at the top of the house.



The little girl had learned a hymn, in which there was something about roses; and she sang it to the boy, who then sang it with her:—

The rose in the valley is blooming so sweet,
The Child Jesus is there the children to greet.

And the children held each other by the hand, kissed the roses and rejoiced in God's bright sunshine. What lovely summer days those were! How delightful to be out in the air, near the fresh rosebushes, that seemed as if they would never finish blooming.

One day Kay and Gerda were looking at a picture book, when Kay cried "Oh! Something struck me sharply in the heart, and now something has got into my eye!"

The little girl threw her arms around his neck. He winked his eyes; no, she could see nothing in them.

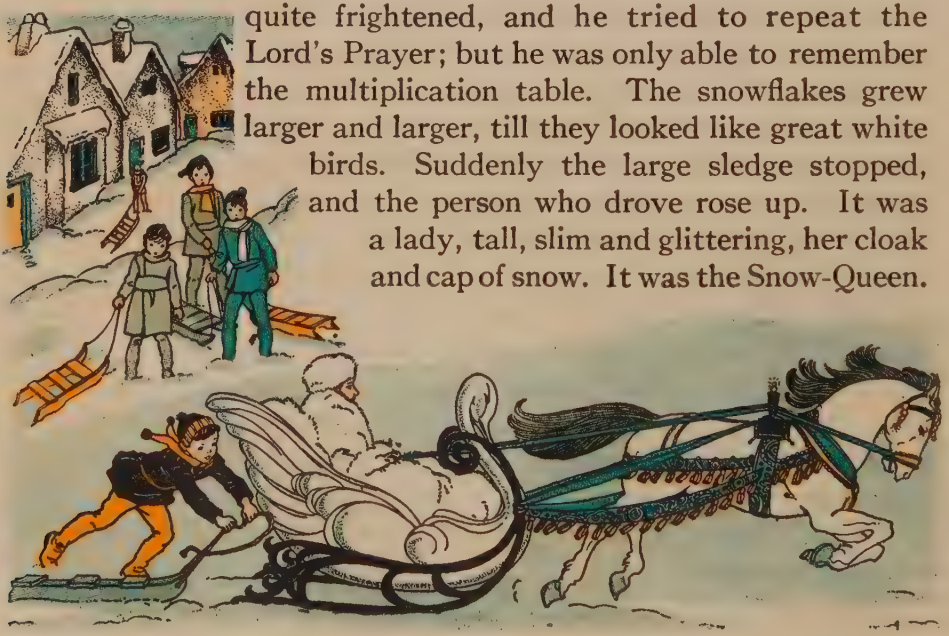
"I think it is out now," said he, but it was not. It was one of those pieces of glass that had got into his eye—a splinter from the magic mirror that made everything great and good look mean and ugly; and poor Kay had got another piece right in his heart, which began to turn into a lump of ice.

"Why do you cry?" he asked. "You look so ugly! There's nothing the matter with me!" Then he added, "That rose is worm-eaten. This one's stunted. What ugly roses they are!" So he gave the box a kick and broke off both roses.

"What are you doing?" cried the little girl. As he saw her alarm, he ran in at his own window, and left little Gerda alone.

When she next brought out her picture book, he said it was only fit for babies. And, if his grandmother told him stories, he always interrupted her. Besides, if he could manage it, he would get behind her, put on her spectacles, and imitate her way of speaking. He was soon able to imitate the gait and manner of everyone in the street. Everything that was peculiar and displeasing in them—that Kay made fun of. It was the glass he had got in his eye, the glass that was sticking in his heart, which made him tease even Gerda, whose whole soul was devoted to him.

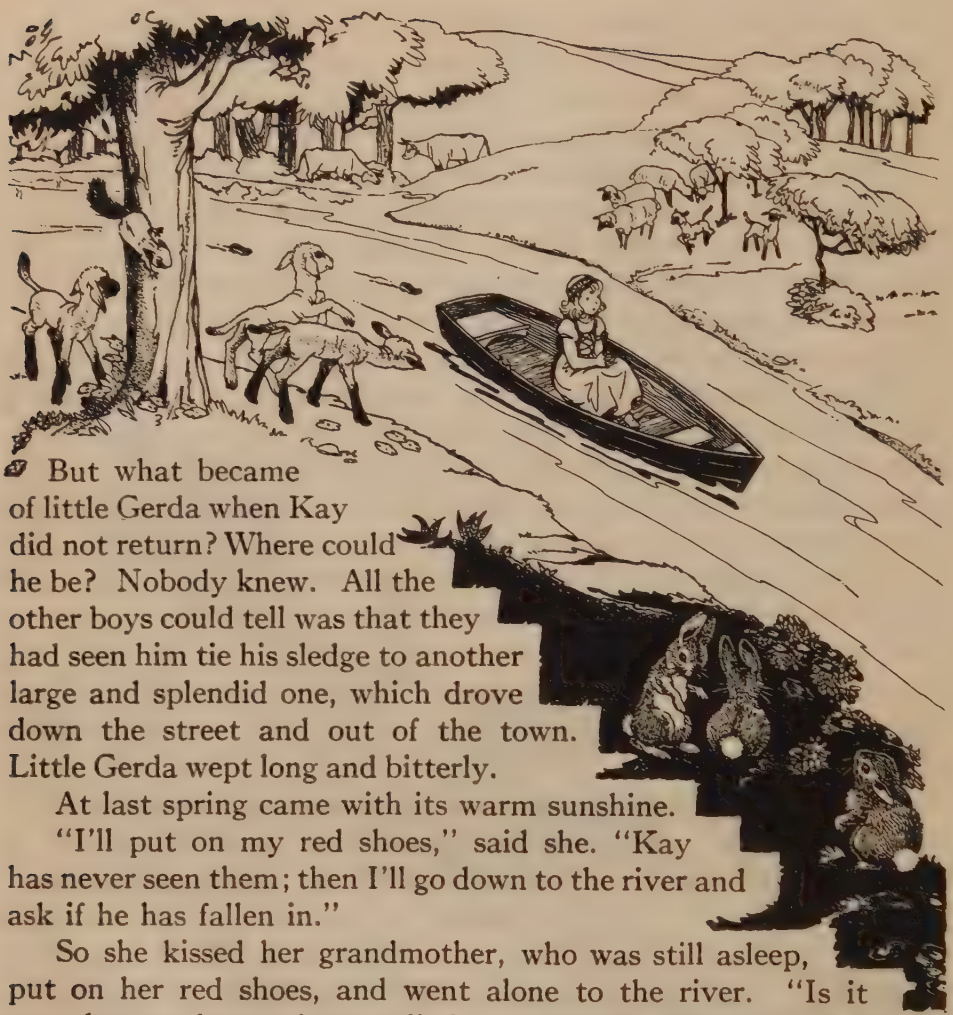
One winter's day Kay appeared with his little sledge at his back. He bawled into Gerda's ears, "I'm going out into the square to play with the other boys," and away he went. There, in the market place, the boldest boys used to hitch their sledges to carts and so they got a good ride. It was such fun! Just as they were in the very height of their amusement, a large sledge appeared; it was painted white, and there was someone in it who wore a white fur coat and a white fur cap. The sledge drove round the square twice. Kay tied his little sledge to it, and off they went. The person who drove turned round to Kay, and nodded to him in a friendly manner, just as if they knew each other. So on they went till they came outside the gates of the town. Then the snow began to fall so thickly, that the little boy could not see an arm's length before him. Suddenly he let go the string he held in his hand in order to get loose from the big sledge, but it was of no use; his sledge hung fast and on he went like the wind. He was quite frightened, and he tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer; but he was only able to remember the multiplication table. The snowflakes grew larger and larger, till they looked like great white birds. Suddenly the large sledge stopped, and the person who drove rose up. It was a lady, tall, slim and glittering, her cloak and cap of snow. It was the Snow-Queen.



"It is freezing cold," said she. "Creep in under my coat." And she put him in the sledge beside her and wrapped the fur round him. He felt as though he were sinking into a snowdrift.

"Are you still cold?" she asked, and kissed his forehead. Ah! the kiss was cold as ice! It went to his very heart, which was already almost a frozen lump; but, a moment more, and he grew to like it. He no longer felt the cold that was around him. The Snow-Queen kissed Kay once more, and then he forgot little Gerda, his grandmother, and all whom he had left at his home.

Kay looked at her. She was very beautiful; and she no longer appeared of ice as before, when she sat outside the window and beckoned to him. He did not fear her at all, and told her that he could do arithmetic sums in his head, and with fractions even; and she smiled while he spoke. On she flew with him, high over the black clouds while the storm moaned and whistled. Beneath them, the wolves howled, the snow crackled; and higher still the moon shone, large and bright.



But what became of little Gerda when Kay did not return? Where could he be? Nobody knew. All the other boys could tell was that they had seen him tie his sledge to another large and splendid one, which drove down the street and out of the town. Little Gerda wept long and bitterly.

At last spring came with its warm sunshine.

"I'll put on my red shoes," said she. "Kay has never seen them; then I'll go down to the river and ask if he has fallen in."

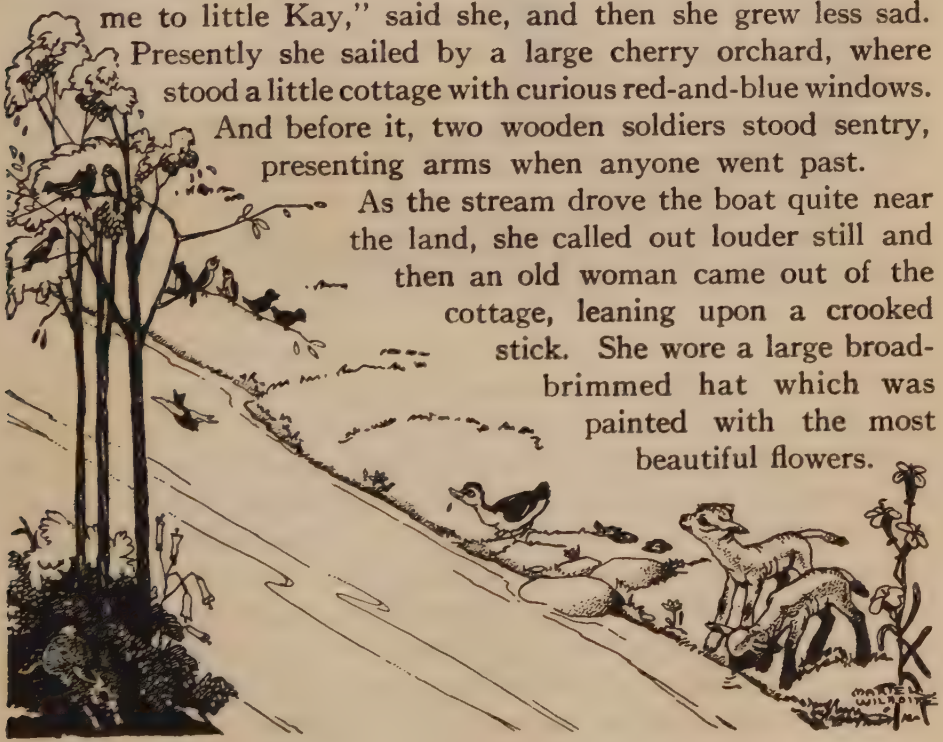
So she kissed her grandmother, who was still asleep, put on her red shoes, and went alone to the river. "Is it true that you have taken my little playfellow?" she asked. "I will make you a present of my red shoes if you will give him back to me."

The blue waves nodded in a strange manner, it seemed to her, so she took off her red shoes, the most precious things she possessed, and threw them both into the river. But they fell close to the bank, and the little waves bore them immediately back to her.

Gerda thought she had not thrown them out far enough, so she clambered into a boat which lay among the rushes, went to the farthest end, and threw out the shoes again. The boat was not fastened, and her movements made it drift from the shore. She felt it moving and tried to get out, but already it was more than a yard from the land and gliding quickly onward.

Little Gerda began to cry; but no one heard her except the sparrows. So she sat quite still with only her stockings on. Her little red shoes swam behind, but they could not catch the boat; it went so much faster than they.

The banks on both sides were beautiful, with lovely flowers, fine old trees, and slopes dotted with sheep and cows, but not a human being anywhere to be seen. "Perhaps the river will carry me to little Kay," said she, and then she grew less sad. Presently she sailed by a large cherry orchard, where stood a little cottage with curious red-and-blue windows. And before it, two wooden soldiers stood sentry, presenting arms when anyone went past.



As the stream drove the boat quite near the land, she called out louder still and then an old woman came out of the cottage, leaning upon a crooked stick. She wore a large broad-brimmed hat which was painted with the most beautiful flowers.

"Poor little child!" said the old Woman; then she caught hold of the boat with her crooked stick, drew it to the bank, and lifted little Gerda out. "Come and tell me who you are."

When Gerda had told her everything and asked her if she had seen little Kay, the Woman answered that he had not passed there yet, but he no doubt would come. Then she took Gerda by the hand, led her into the little cottage, and locked the door. On the table stood the most delicious cherries; and the old Woman let Gerda eat as many as she chose, while she combed her hair with a golden comb so it curled and shone like gold.

"I have often longed for such a dear little girl," said the old

Woman. And while she combed little Gerda's hair, the child forgot her foster-brother Kay more and more, for the old Woman understood magic, and she wanted very much to keep little Gerda. She therefore went out into the garden and stretched out her crooked stick toward the rosebushes. Beautifully as they were blooming, they all sank into the earth and no one could tell where they had stood. She feared that if Gerda saw the roses, she would remember Kay and run away to seek him.

She now led Gerda into the garden. Oh, what fragrance and what loveliness was there! Gerda knew every flower; but, however many they were, it still seemed to her that one was missing. One day, while she was looking at the old Woman's hat that was painted with flowers, the most beautiful of them all seemed to her to be a rose. The old Woman had forgotten to take the rose from her hat when she made the others vanish in the earth.

"What!" said Gerda, "are there no roses here?" And she ran about amongst the flower beds and looked, but there was not one to be found. Then she sat down and wept, but her hot tears fell just where a rosebush had sunk; and, when they watered the ground, the tree shot up suddenly fresh and blooming. Gerda kissed the roses, and thought at once of little Kay.

"Oh, how long I have stayed! I intended to look for Kay!" And off ran Gerda to the further end of the garden.

The gate was locked, but she shook the rusted bolt till the gate opened; out she ran in her little bare feet. At last she could run no longer, so she sat down on a stone. Then she saw that summer had passed. It was late autumn, though no one would ever have known it in the beautiful garden she had left where there were always flowers and sunshine the whole year round.

"Dear me, how long I have stayed!" said Gerda. "I must not rest any longer." And she sprang up to run on.

At length Gerda had to rest herself again, and there came hopping toward her over the snow a large raven.

"Caw! Caw!" He asked her where she was going all alone. So Gerda told him her whole story and asked if he had seen Kay.

The Raven nodded very gravely and said, "It may be—it may be! But now he has forgotten you for the Princess."

"Does he live with a princess?" asked Gerda.

"Yes," said the Raven.

"Oh, won't you take me to the palace?" said Gerda.

So the Raven led Gerda into a garden and, when the lights in the palace had all disappeared, he took her to the back door, which stood half-open. Then they entered the first apartment. Each hall was more magnificent than the other. At last they came into a room where the ceiling was made of great leaves of glass; from this were hung by golden ropes two beds, each shaped like a lily. One was white, and in this lay the Princess; the other was red, and it was here that Gerda hoped to find little Kay. She bent back one of the red leaves and saw a brown neck—oh, that was Kay! She called him quite loudly by name. He awoke, turned his head, and—it was not little Kay at all! Then out of the white lily leaves the Princess peeped, too, and asked what was the matter. Little Gerda cried and told them her story.

"Poor little thing!" said the Prince and the Princess, and they put Gerda to bed. The next day she was dressed from head to foot in silk and velvet. They offered to let her stay at the palace and lead a happy life, but she would not. She begged to have a little carriage with a horse in front, and a small pair of shoes, so that she might go forth in the wide world and look for Kay.

Shoes and a muff were given her; and, when she was about to set off, a new carriage drew up before the door. It was of pure gold. Inside, it was lined with sugarplums and in the seats were fruits and gingerbread. The Prince and the Princess assisted Gerda into the carriage and wished her all success, while the Raven accompanied her for the first three miles. Then the Raven bade her farewell and flew into a tree.

They drove through the dark wood, but the carriage shone like a torch and caught the eyes of robbers. "It's gold!" cried they; and they rushed forward, seized the horses, knocked down the servants, and pulled little Gerda out of the carriage.

"How plump, how beautiful she is! She looks good enough to eat," said the old Robber-woman. Then she drew out a knife, the blade of which shone and glittered.

"Ah," cried her little daughter who was very headstrong, "but you shall not touch her. She shall give me her muff and her pretty frock! She shall play with me and sleep in my bed!"

The little Robber-maiden threw her arms around Gerda and said, "They shall not hurt you as long as I am not displeased with you. You are a princess, aren't you?"

"No," said little Gerda; and she then told all that had happened to her, and how much she loved little Kay.

The Robber-maiden put both her hands in the handsome muff which was so soft and warm.

"If you are naughty," said she, "no one else shall kill you! I'll do it myself!" And she led Gerda off to the courtyard of the robber's castle. It was full of cracks, and out of the holes ravens and crows were flying; great bulldogs jumped up, but they did not bark for that was forbidden. In the midst of the large, old, smoky hall burned a great fire on the stone floor.

They had something to eat and drink; and then went into a corner, where straw and carpets were lying. Beside them, on laths and perches, sat nearly a hundred pigeons. "They are all mine," said the Robber-maiden. She seized one by the legs and shook it so that its wings fluttered. "Kiss it!" she cried, and flung it in Gerda's face. "And here is my dear old Bac." She dragged a reindeer, that was tied up there, out by the horns. "Every evening I tickle his neck with my sharp knife; it makes him jump about so!" and the little girl drew forth a long knife and let it glide over the reindeer's neck. The poor animal kicked, the girl laughed and pulled Gerda into bed with her.

"Do you intend to keep your knife while you sleep?" asked Gerda, looking sidewise at the knife.

"I always sleep with the knife," said the Robber-maiden. "But tell me once more, all about little Kay, and why you have started off into the wide world alone." So Gerda told all again. Then the little Robber-maiden wound her arm round Gerda's neck, held the knife in the other hand, and began to snore so loudly that everybody could hear her. But Gerda could not close her eyes. The Robbers sat round the fire, sang and drank, and the old Robber-woman jumped about so, that it was outlandish to see her.

Then the Wood-pigeons said, "Coo! coo! we have seen little Kay! A white bird carried his sledge! He sat by the side of the Snow-Queen. They floated low down over the trees, as we lay in our nest. Coo! coo!"

"Where did the Snow-Queen go?" cried Gerda.

"She is no doubt gone to Lapland where there is always snow and ice. Ask the reindeer who is tied up here."

"Aye, ice and snow, indeed! There it is glorious and beautiful!" said the Reindeer. "You can run and jump about as you like on those big glittering plains."

In the morning, Gerda told the Robber-maiden all that the Wood-pigeons had said.

"Do you know where Lapland is?" asked she of the Reindeer.

"Who should know better than I?" said the animal with sparkling eyes. "I was born and bred there on the snowfields."

"Listen," said the Robber-girl to Gerda, "you see that all the robbers are gone. Only my mother is left and she will soon fall asleep. Then I shall do something for you."

When the Robber-woman was having a nap, the little Robber-maiden went to the Reindeer and said, "I will untie you so that you may go to Lapland. But you must go quickly, and take this little girl to the Snow-Queen, where her playfellow is."

The Reindeer leaped for joy. The Robber-maiden lifted up little Gerda, and took care to bind her fast on the Reindeer's back. "Here are your worsted leggins, for it will be cold," she said, "the muff I shall keep for myself—it is so very pretty. But here are my mother's great fur gloves." Gerda wept for joy.

"Don't make such faces!" said the little Robber-maiden. "Here are two loaves and a ham for you." The bread and the meat were fastened to the Reindeer's back; the little maiden opened the door, called in all the dogs, and then with her knife cut the rope that fastened the animal. "Now off with you," she cried, "but take good care of the little girl!"

Gerda stretched out her hands with the large fur gloves toward the Robber-maiden, and said, "Farewell!" Then the Reindeer flew on over bush and bramble, through the great wood, over swamps and plains. The wolves howled, the ravens screamed, and the red lights quivered up in the sky.

"Those are my dear old northern lights," said the Reindeer. "Look how they gleam!" And on he sped faster still. Day and night, on he went. The loaves were eaten and the ham, too; and now they were in Lapland.

Suddenly they stopped before a little house, which looked very miserable; the roof reached to the ground and the door was so low that the people had to creep on their hands and knees when they went in or out. Nobody was at home except an old Lapp woman, who was dressing fish by the light of an oil lamp. And the Reindeer told her the whole of Gerda's story.

"Poor thing," said the Lapp woman, "you have far to run still. You have more than a hundred miles to go before you get to Finland; there the Snow-Queen has her country-house, and burns blue lights every evening. I will give you a few words from me, written on a dried fishskin, for paper I have none. This you can take with you to the Finn woman, and she will be able to give you more information than I."

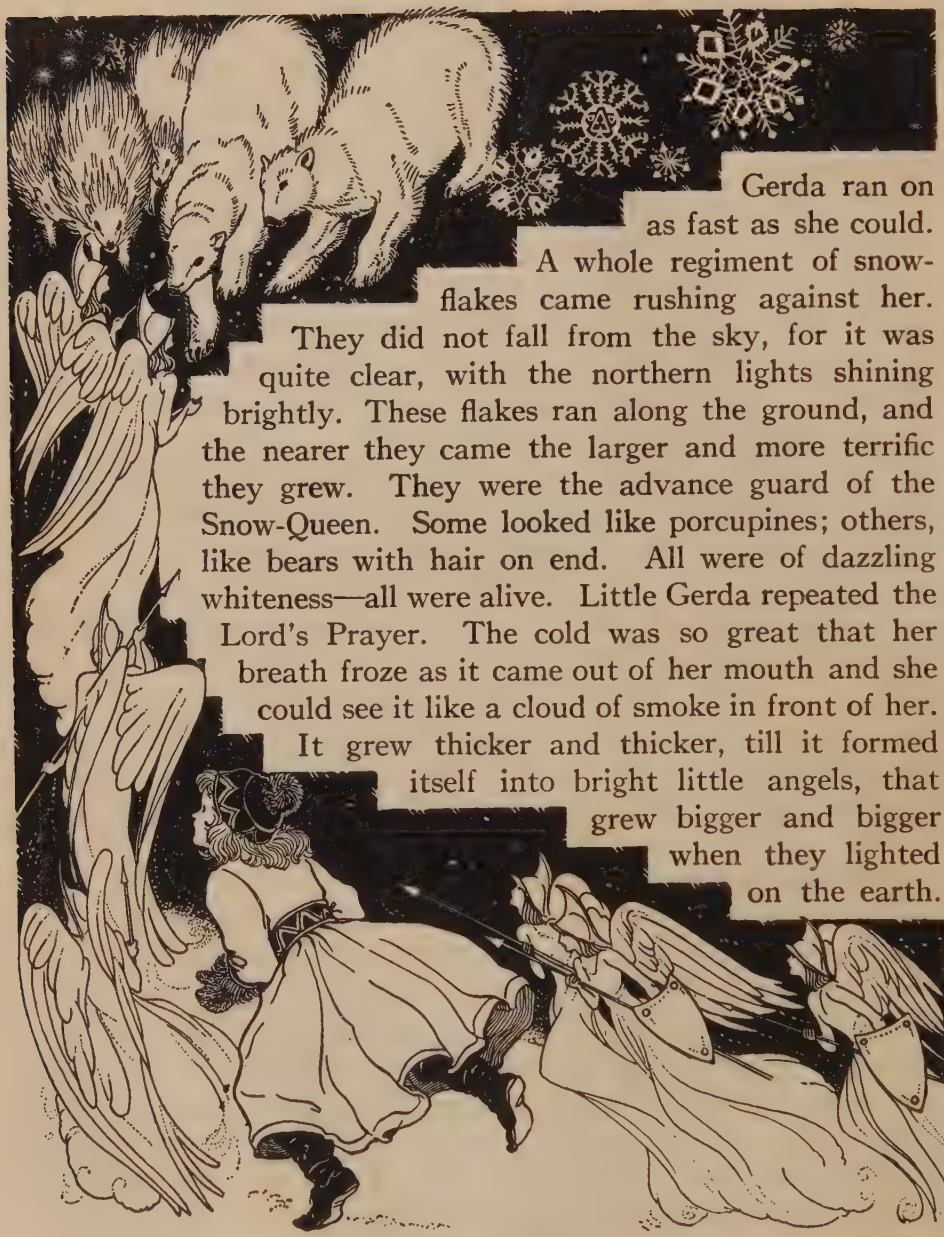
When Gerda had warmed herself and eaten and drunk, the Lapp woman wrote a few words on a dried fishskin, begged Gerda to take care of them, put her on the Reindeer and bound her fast. Then away sprang the animal. Flicker, flicker blazed the beautiful northern lights; and, at last, they came to Finland. They knocked at the chimney of the Finn woman, for door she had none. There was such a heat inside that the Finn woman, herself, wore very few clothes. She immediately loosened Gerda's clothes and pulled off her gloves and boots for otherwise the heat would have been too great. Then she read and reread what was written on the fishskin. The Reindeer told her Gerda's story at which the Finn woman winked her eyes but said nothing.

"You are so clever," said the Reindeer, "you can, I know, twist all the winds of the world together in a knot. Will you give the little maiden a drink that she may possess the strength of twelve men, and overcome the Snow-Queen?"

"The strength of twelve men!" said the Finn woman. "Much good that would do her! 'Tis true little Kay is at the Snow-Queen's, he thinks it the best place in the world, but the reason for that is, he has a splinter of glass in his eye and in his heart. These must be got out first; otherwise, he will never go back to mankind, and the Snow-Queen will keep her power over him."

"But can you give little Gerda nothing to take which will give her power to conquer all this?"

"I can give her no more power than she has already. Don't you see how men and animals are forced to serve her? That power lies in her heart. If she cannot get to the Snow-Queen by herself and rid little Kay of the glass, we cannot help her. Two miles from here the garden of the Snow-Queen begins; there you may carry the little girl. Set her down by the large bush with red berries, standing in the snow." And now the Finn woman placed little Gerda on the Reindeer's back. Off he ran till he came to the bush with red berries; there he set Gerda down.



Gerda ran on as fast as she could. A whole regiment of snow-flakes came rushing against her. They did not fall from the sky, for it was quite clear, with the northern lights shining brightly. These flakes ran along the ground, and the nearer they came the larger and more terrific they grew. They were the advance guard of the Snow-Queen. Some looked like porcupines; others, like bears with hair on end. All were of dazzling whiteness—all were alive. Little Gerda repeated the Lord's Prayer. The cold was so great that her breath froze as it came out of her mouth and she could see it like a cloud of smoke in front of her. It grew thicker and thicker, till it formed itself into bright little angels, that grew bigger and bigger when they lighted on the earth.

All had helmets on their heads and spears and shields in their hands; and, when Gerda had finished the Lord's Prayer, she was surrounded by a whole legion of them. They pierced the snowflakes with their spears, and shivered them into a thousand pieces, so little Gerda walked on bravely and in safety through them.

Now we shall see what Kay was doing. He was not thinking of Gerda, least of all that she stood before the palace. The walls of the palace were of driven snow. There were more than a hundred halls, shaped just as the snow had drifted; and all were lit up by the cold, precise northern lights. All were so large, so empty, so icy, and so glittering! Mirth never reigned there; there was never a ball where the white polar bears danced on their hind legs; never a little tea party for the white young lady foxes!

In the middle of the empty, endless hall of snow was a frozen lake cracked in a thousand pieces; and, in the middle of this lake, sat the Snow-Queen when she was at home. Then she said she was sitting on the Mirror of Reason, and that this was the best and only thing in the world to rest on.

Little Kay was quite blue with cold; but he did not know it, for the Snow-Queen had kissed away his feelings, and his heart was a lump of ice. He was pulling about some sharp, flat pieces of ice, which he laid together in all possible ways, puzzling out how to make something with them. He fitted them into a great many shapes, for they were the "Ice Puzzles of Reason." In his eyes, the figures he made were exceedingly beautiful and of the utmost importance; but this was because of the bit of glass which was still in his eye. Moreover, no matter how many wonderful words he could shape the ice into, the word he wanted most of all, he could never make them spell—that word was "Eternity." The Snow-Queen had said, "If you can shape out that word, you shall be your own master, and I will give you the whole world and a pair of new skates besides." But he could not puzzle it out.

"I am going now to the warm lands," said the Snow-Queen. "I must powder my black kettles." (This was what she called the volcanoes, Vesuvius and Etna.) "It does the lemons and grapes good." Then away she flew, and Kay sat alone in the empty halls trying to solve his ice puzzle. There he sat so stiff and immovable one might have thought him frozen.

Suddenly little Gerda stepped through the great portal of cutting winds into the palace. She repeated her evening prayer, and the winds dropped as if lulled to sleep. Then she entered the vast, empty, cold halls. There she beheld Kay and knew him at once. She flung her arms around his neck, held him fast and cried, "Kay, sweet little Kay! Have I found you at last?"

But he sat quite still, stiff and cold. Then little Gerda wept hot tears which fell on his breast, and they thawed his heart and melted away the bit of the mirror there. He looked at her, and she sang:

At the sound of the song, Kay burst into tears; he wept so much that the last glass splinter was washed from his eye. Then he cried, "Gerda, sweet little Gerda! Where have you been so long? And where have I been?" He looked around him. "How cold it is here!" said he. "How empty and cold!" And he clung fast to Gerda, who laughed and wept for joy.

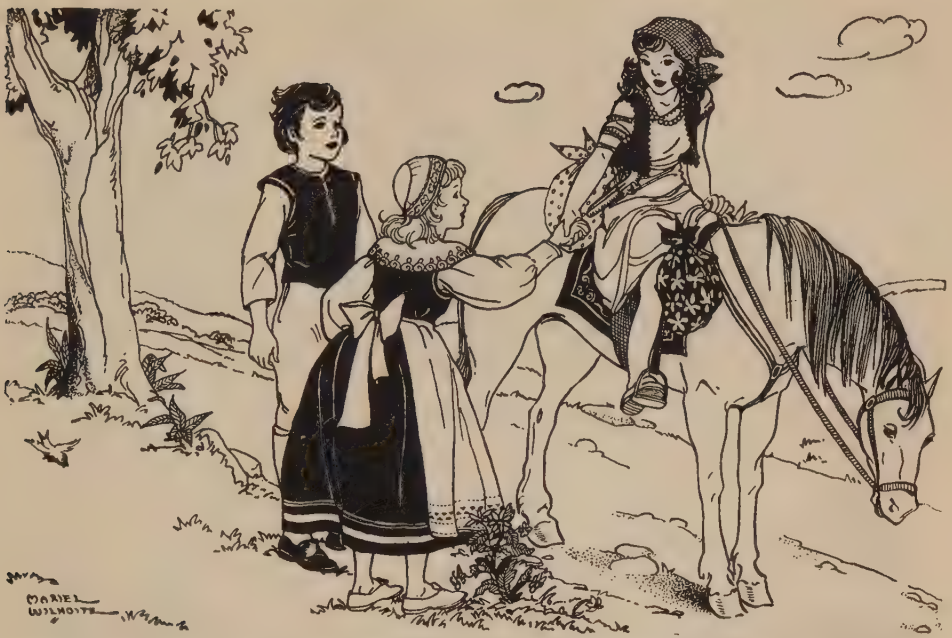
It was such a happy time that even the bits of ice danced about for joy; and, when they laid themselves down, lo! they formed exactly the letters the Snow-Queen had told Kay he must find out if he was to become his own master and have the whole world and a pair of new skates.

Gerda kissed his cheeks, and they grew rosy; she kissed his eyes, and they shone like her own; she kissed his hands and feet, and he was once more merry and strong. The Snow-Queen might come back as soon as she liked; there stood his order of release—the word "Eternity" written in letters of ice.

Kay and Gerda took each other's hands, and wandered out of the great hall, talking of their grandmother and of the roses on the roof. Wherever they went, the winds were hushed and the sun burst forth.

When they reached the bush with the red berries, they found the Reindeer waiting there for them. He carried them to the Finn woman; she warmed them in her hot room and told them what to do on their journey home. Then he took them to the Lapp woman, who made them new clothes and lent them her sledge.

When they reached the country where the first green growing things peeped forth, they took leave of the Reindeer. "Farewell! Farewell!" said they all. Soon they heard the first little birds twittering; and there came out of the wood toward them, riding on a beautiful horse which Gerda knew had once drawn her golden chariot, a young damsel in a bright red cap with pistols at her belt. This was the Robber-maiden who was tired of



being at home and had set out into the world. She and Gerda knew each other at once. It was a joyful meeting.

"You are a nice fellow!" said she to Kay. "I should like to know if you deserve to be run after to the end of the world!"

But Gerda patted her cheeks and told her their story.

"Schnipp-schnapp-schnurre, it's all right at last," said the Robber-maiden; and she took the hands of each and promised that, if she should ever chance to pass through the town where they lived, she would come and pay them a visit. Then away she rode off into the wide, wide world.

Kay and Gerda walked on hand in hand. It was lovely spring weather, with flowers and greenery everywhere. Soon they recognized the big town where they lived with its tall towers in which the bells still rang their merry peals. They went straight on and hastened up to their grandmother's room, where everything was standing just as they had left it. The clock said

"Tick! tack!" and the hands moved round. But as they entered, they remarked that they were now grown up. The roses hung blooming in at the open window. There stood the little children's chairs, and Kay and Gerda sat down on them, still holding each other by the hand. All the cold, empty splendor of the Snow-Queen's palace had passed from their memory like a bad dream. Grandmother sat in the bright sunshine and read aloud from The Bible: "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Kay and Gerda looked in each other's eyes, and all at once they understood the old hymn:

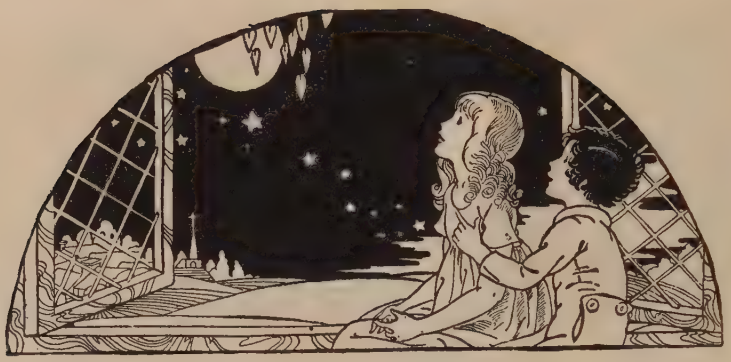
The rose in the valley is blooming so sweet,
The Child Jesus is there the children to greet.

There sat the two grown-up people;
grown-up, and yet children
—children in heart.
And it was summer,
glorious summer!

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tin-tin-nab-u-la-tion that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.



THE SKY AT NIGHT

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.

There is one glory of the sun,
And another glory of the moon,
And another glory of the stars;
For one star differeth from another star in glory.

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Kings of the earth and all people;
Princes and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens, old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord.
For his name alone is excellent;
His glory is above the earth and heaven.

—*The Bible*

"O Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" from Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*, has all the peaceful glory of the night sky.

David, the Shepherd Boy*

ARRANGED FROM THE BIBLE

NOW Saul was King in Israel, but Saul did evil and Samuel, the high priest, who had anointed him King, came no more to see Saul until the day of his death. Samuel went unto Jesse, the Bethlehemite, to anoint another king. And Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel, and Samuel looked on the eldest, a tall and stately lad, and he said: "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." But the Lord said unto Samuel, "Look not on his countenance nor on the height of his stature, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

And Samuel said unto Jesse, "Are here all thy children?"

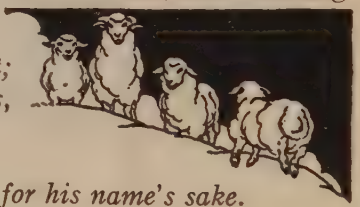
And Jesse said, "Behold, the youngest keepeth the sheep." And he sent and fetched David, a ruddy lad, fair of eyes. And the Lord said unto Samuel, "Anoint him, for this is he."

Then Samuel took a horn of oil and anointed David in the midst of his brethren. And David returned to his flocks, and the spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward.

*Robert Browning put the story of David playing before Saul in his poem, *Saul*, and the tragic tale of the half-crazy king is the basis of the splendid oratorio, *Saul*, by Händel with its famous funeral march.

He looked on the light of the morning when the sky is without a cloud; he saw the tender grass spring up out of the earth by clear shining after rain; he saw the Heavens at nighttime declare the glory of God with the brilliance of moon and stars; and the whole world seemed to him to skip, to sing, to shout for joy of God, its Maker.

And there came a lion and took a lamb out of his flock. And David said in his heart, "It is God that girdeth me with strength." And he caught the lion by his beard and slew him and delivered the lamb. And God seemed to David like a good shepherd ever guarding his people as a shepherd guardeth his flocks; and he sang in confident trust:



"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death,
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over;
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul and he was troubled with madness. And Saul's servants said unto him: "Command us to seek out a cunning player upon an harp, for, when the frenzy is on thee, he shall play and thou wilt be well."

And Saul heard say that David, son of Jesse, played well; and he sent unto Jesse and said: "Send me David, thy son."

And Jesse laded an ass with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David unto Saul. And, when the frenzy was upon Saul, David played before him fresh and innocent music, full of his trust in God and joy in His creation. So Saul was refreshed and was well and the madness departed from him.

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and they stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion of the camp of the Philistines named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass on his head and greaves of brass on his legs and he was armed with a coat of mail. And one bearing a shield went before him. And Goliath cried to the armies of Israel morning and evening for forty days, saying: "Choose ye a man that he may come down unto me! If he kill me, then will we be your servants; but, if I kill him, then shall ye be our servants! I defy the armies of Israel this day!"

And Saul and his host were greatly afraid.

Now the three eldest sons of Jesse followed Saul to the battle; therefore, David stayed home to keep his father's sheep. But Jesse said unto David: "Take thou an ephah of corn and ten loaves and run to the camp to look how thy brethren fare. And carry these ten cheeses to the captain of their thousand."

So David left his sheep in the care of a keeper and went. And he came to the place of wagons as the host was going forth, shouting to the battle. And David left his baggage with the keeper of the baggage and ran into the army that he might salute his brethren.

And behold there came up the champion, Goliath of Gath; and all the men of Israel fled. And David said, "Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

Then Eliab, David's brother, cried: "Why camest thou hither, and with whom hast thou left thy sheep? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart! Thou art come to see the battle."

But David said unto Saul. "Let no man's heart fail because of this Philistine. Thy servant will go and fight him."

And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war."

But David said: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paws of the lion and out of the paws of a bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Then Saul said unto David, "Go and the Lord be with thee."

So Saul armed David with his own coat of mail and with his sword; but David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And he took them off, and put the sword away, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook. And he put the stones in his shepherd's bag. And his sling was in his hand. And the Philistine drew near and the man that bare the shield went before him. And Goliath disdained David, because he was but a youth, ruddy and fair of face, and he cursed David by his gods and cried: "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field!"

Then said David to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's."

And David ran to meet the Philistine. And he put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slang it and smote the Philistine in the forehead. And behold, the Philistine fell flat on his face to the earth. And David ran and drew the Philistine's sword and cut off his head. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they arose and fled; and Israel pursued them.

And Saul took David that day and would let him go no more home to his father's house. And Saul's son, Jonathan, loved David as his own soul, and he made a covenant with him. And Jonathan stripped himself of his robes, and of his bow and of his girdle and of his sword, and he gave them to David. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him and behaved himself wisely; and Saul set David over his men of war, and all Israel and Judah loved David. But it came to pass when David returned from battle, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing to meet King Saul with tabors, with joy, and with instruments of music. And they said:

"Saul has slain his thousands,
And David his tens of thousands."

And Saul was very wroth and he said: "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands and to me they have ascribed but thousands, and what can he have more but the kingdom?"

And Saul eyed David with jealousy from that day forward, and when the madness came upon him, he cast a javelin to smite David; but Jonathan pleaded for David, and Michal, Saul's daughter, loved him. So Saul hearkened unto Jonathan and he gave David Michal, his daughter, to wife.

And there was war again and David went out and fought with the Philistines and they fled from him. Then Saul's jealousy returned as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but David slipped away out of Saul's presence and Saul smote the javelin into the wall.

And David fled to his home. Then Saul sent messengers unto David's house to lie in wait and slay him in the morning. And Michal said unto David, "Save thyself tonight, or tomorrow thou shalt be slain." And Michal let David down through a window and he fled. And Michal took an image and laid it in David's bed and she put a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster and covered it with cloth. And when Saul's messengers came, they found only the image in the bed.

Then Saul was wroth with Jonathan because of his friendship with David, and he cast a javelin at Jonathan, crying: "Thou son of a perverse, rebellious woman, thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thy confusion! As long as he liveth thou shalt not be king after me." But Jonathan loved David and thought not of himself.

And David returned no more to court, but dwelt in the cave Adullam, and everyone that was in distress, or discontented, or in debt, gathered themselves unto him, about four-hundred in number, and he became captain over them. And David went to the place where was the sword of Goliath, the Philistine, whom he had slain. And he took that sword for his sword.

And David and his men saved the town of Keilah from the Philistines who robbed the threshing floors. But the men of Keilah sought to betray David. They told Saul that David was within their gates, and David and his men fled and hid themselves in the wood, in a mountain in the wilderness of Ziph. And Saul sought him every day. But Jonathan went to David to comfort him in the wood. And he said: "Fear not! Thou shalt be king over Israel, and I will be second to thee."

Then the men of Ziph would have delivered David unto Saul; but David went up from thence and dwelt in the wilderness of Engedi. And Saul took three-thousand chosen men and went to seek David on the rocks of the wild goats. And many a time in those days the heart of David was sad and he cried for sorrow: "They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head! My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Yet his confidence returned in time and he sang in bolder wise:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?
Though an host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear."

And Saul came to the sheepfolds where was a cave and he went in and lay down. And David and his men were hiding in the innermost parts of the cave. And the men said unto David: "Behold, thine enemy is in thine hands. Do to him as seemest good unto thee." Then David arose and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe. But his heart smote him for what he had done; and he suffered not his servants to rise against Saul, for he cried when Saul went out of the cave: "My Lord, the King."

And Saul looked behind him, and David stooped with his face to the earth and said: "Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, 'David seekest my hurt'? Look, my father, see! The skirt of thy robe is in my hand. I cut off thy skirt, but killed thee not, and yet thou huntest my life."

And Saul said: "Is this thy voice, my son David? Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good for evil." And he lifted up his voice and wept.

But David and his men gat them up again to their strongholds and abode in the wilderness. They lurked in the woods and hid themselves in high hills where was the wild goats' refuge and the crag with the eagles' nest. And they dwelt in caves, companions only to shepherds, who kept their sheep in the wilderness. Neither stole they aught from the shepherds, for they asked their food of rich husbandmen when they held a sheep-shearing feast, or were fed by some good women coming with a train of asses, bearing bread and meat, raisins, wine, and figs.

And in those days, Samuel, the high priest, died and Saul came once again, following after David as one doth hunt a partridge. And David crept into Saul's camp by night and came where Saul lay sleeping. And he took the spear that stood in the ground by the side of Saul, and the cruse of water at his head; but he touched not Saul because he was the Lord's anointed. And no man saw it nor knew it, neither awaked for they were all asleep. Then David stood on the top of an hill afar off and cried:

"Now see where the King's spear is and the cruse of water that was at his head!" And Saul knew David's voice and said: "I have sinned. Return, my son, David, for I will no more do thee harm."

But David said in his heart, "I shall now perish one day at the hand of Saul." And he arose and sought refuge with the Philistines in Gath, and Saul sought no more for him.

But it came to pass that the Philistines came again to give battle unto Israel; and, when Saul saw their host, he was sore afraid and did evil for he disguised himself and went to the Witch of

Endor—a woman that had a familiar spirit, such an one as God had commanded Saul to put away out of the land. And Saul bade the Witch of Endor to show him Samuel, which was dead, that he might enquire of Samuel concerning the fate of Israel. And he saw, as it were, the appearance of Samuel, foretelling grave disaster. And Saul fell to the earth. There was no strength left in him.

And the battle went sore against Saul, and the men of Israel fled. And the Philistines followed hard after Saul, and they slew Jonathan and the other two sons of Saul. And the archers hit Saul, and he was sore wounded. Then said Saul to his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword and thrust me through."

But his armor-bearer would not. So Saul took a sword and fell upon it. And when his armor-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise on the sword and died. And the Philistines found Saul and his sons fallen in Mount Gilboa. And they cut off Saul's head and put it in the temple of Dagon; and they stripped off his armor and put it in the house of Ashtoreth; and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.

And behold, there came a man out of the camp of Saul with his clothes rent and earth upon his head. And he fell on the earth before David and said, "Saul and Jonathan are dead!"

And David rent his clothes and mourned and said: "How are the mighty fallen! I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

Then the men of Judah made David king in place of Saul.

Rhodopis and Her Gilded Sandals

The First Cinderella Story*

A Folk Tale of Ancient Egypt

EAR, O youth! Rho-do'pis, the rosy cheeked, came down through the palm groves to bathe in the river Nile. Beautiful was Rhodopis, lovely as the day-dawn; rosy as clouds of the morning. Her mouth was pure of evil-speaking; her hands were pure of evil doing; her eyes were clearer than stars. On the brink of the river Rhodopis left her garments and a pair of small gilded sandals. Then she flung herself lightly on the sacred waves of the Nile. But as she disported herself, lo, there came flying toward her a wide-winged, royal eagle. Hovering above the waters, he spied a sudden glistening amid the papyrus reeds. Down to the earth he swooped. He seized one gilded sandal, one beautiful jewelled sandal, and soared again to the heavens. Rhodopis cried aloud. She stretched forth her arms, entreating; but already the eagle was lost to sight in the bright beams of Ra, the sun.

Now it chanced at that very hour, that there sat in the great square of Memphis, before the Temple of Ptah, the King administering justice and wearing upon his head the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt. Before him one came dragging a husbandman bound in chains.

"This fellow refuseth his tax!" the tax-collector cried. "He refuseth the tenth of his harvest to thy granaries and to thee!"

The husbandman fell on his face, prostrate before the King.

*The Cinderella story, of which nearly every race has some version, is one of the oldest in the world and unites human nature of all times and climes in the common love of a beautiful fancy. This legend woven about Queen Nitokris, called in the Greek Rhodopis (the rosy cheeked), is probably the oldest. It was told to little children several thousand years before Christ, and is to this very day a favorite fairy tale in Egypt.

"Hail unto thee," he cried, "great Lord of Truth and Justice! Worms destroyed half my wheat; rats laid waste my fields; little birds came and pilfered; hippopotami ate the rest! And when I had naught wherewith to pay thy tax collector, the keepers of the doors of thy granary came and beat me with cudgels. They bound me hand and foot. My wife they cast into chains! My children they left to hunger. Justice, O great King! Justice!"

Then rose up the King, furious like a panther, glowing as the sun-god. And he cried to the tax-collector:

"My Majesty causes no child of tender age to mourn! My Majesty spoils no woman! Thou shalt serve me no more. Begone!"

And he bade those who held the husbandman to loose him and let him go with a gift to his wife and children.

But he sighed within his breast and unto his own heart he whispered:

"The man is poor and oppressed, yet hath he, in his poverty, that which My Majesty lacks, even a wife and children to bring him delight of love." For Pharaoh had found no woman yet worthy to share his throne, worthy to wear on her brow the royal asp of Egypt.

But even as he sighed, there suddenly soared above the square, sweeping in mighty circles, a wide-winged, royal eagle. The eagle hung for a moment poised on the air above, then, lo, from his beak there fell directly into the great king's lap a tiny gilded sandal, a maiden's small jewelled sandal. His majesty was astounded. He held the trinket forth in the palm of his powerful hand.

"In the name of Isis," he cried, "what maid could wear such footgear, such small and dainty footgear?"

And as he saw in the sandal the marks of the little foot, there rose in his mind a vision of what she must be like who once had worn that sandal,—a tiny, well-made, lovely maid, a lithe and

graceful and willowy maid, a little one like a swift-coursing doe, that bounded over the desert.

"Today My Majesty heareth no more complaints," he cried. Back to the Great House, the Per-o, he went, borne in the royal litter. And he called to his servants and said:

"Haste and bring before me the Chief of the Royal Scribes."

And straightway they brought the Scribe.

And the King said unto the Scribe:

"Thou shalt write me a proclamation."

And the Chief of the Scribes obeyed. And these were the words of the King.

"Let every maid in Egypt try her foot to this sandal; for My Majesty makes decree that she whose foot it fits shall be My Majesty's queen."

Then the Scribe went forth to the city and a servant bore the sandal on a splendid cushion before him. In squares and public places the Scribe read the King's proclamation, and straightway the ladies came flocking before the throne of the King in the square of the Temple of Ptah, to try on the little sandal. They came in goodly array, high-born maidens and low-born maids, daughters of nobles and daughters of blacksmiths, daughters of glass-blowers, daughters of goldsmiths, daughters of armorers, daughters of potters, daughters of generals, daughters of princes, virgins from Upper Egypt, the Land-of-the-Serpent-goddess, and virgins from Lower Egypt, the realm of Nekhbet, the vulture, but never a one among them, never a single maid in all that vast array, could squeeze her foot into the sandal.

Days passed and days and days. The King was in despair. His heart grew weary with longing, his heart that was stout as a lion's. Again and again he beheld the boat of the sun slowly rising, mounting the River of Heaven and creeping across the sky, as with the pace of a snail, and yet the maiden came not. Nowhere could she be found. He dreamt of her sleeping and waking,—a tiny, well-made, lovely maid, a lithe and graceful and willowy maid, a little one like a swift-coursing doe, that bounded over the desert.

Then came to the King's Chief Scribe even that very same husbandman to whom the King had of late forgiven the royal tax. And the husbandman said to the Scribe:

"Go to the great Sphinx by the pyramids in the desert. There cometh each day at daybreak to greet the rising sun, a maid as lovely as day-dawn, as rosy as clouds of the morning."

The Scribe bore the news to the King and the heart of the King leapt within him.

"My Majesty goes tomorrow," he said, "to the great Sphinx of the desert."

In the grayness of early morn, the King and the Scribe set forth while the first faint beams of Ra crept over the green Nile valley to the sandy edge of the desert. So they drew near the Sphinx, where it rose in solemn grandeur out of the yellow sands. Slowly the red ball of Ra pushed up its topmost rim and a voice broke out on the stillness, lovely and clear as a bird-song, greeting the rising sun:—

"Thy appearing is beautiful in the horizon of heaven;
Thou fillest all lands with thy beauty.
The birds fly in their haunts,
Their wings adoring thee!"

And Ra burst forth all at once, flooding the earth with glory, and touching with sudden light the figure of her who was sing-

ing,—Rhodopis, lovely as daylight, rosy as clouds of the morning. The heart of the King leapt within him. He took from the Scribe the sandal and crossed to the maiden's side, saying:

"Little one, daughter of morning, pray try thy foot to this sandal."

But the maiden bounded away, shy as a doe of the desert, startled as game in the marshes. Twenty paces she ran, then slowly she halted and turned, coming back, half reluctant, half willing. One slender bare foot she put forth while the Great King knelt before her and slipped on the little sandal. And the Great King said to the maiden:

"My Majesty sees in thee the beauty of day at its dawning, the freshness of lotus lilies opening their buds on the water. Thou art as a garden of flowers in the coolness of early breezes. For all the days of my life I would delight in thee. Be thou my wife and my queen."

The maiden's eyes opened wide. She fluttered again as a game-bird. Then sudden her heart was smitten for him who stood there before her, him who was radiant with courage, whose heart was stout as a lion's, who fed upon Truth and Justice.

Shyly she pulled from her girdle the mate to the little sandal and put it upon her foot. Then she placed her hand in the hand of the King saying:

"Thine will I be, great Lord, thou who shinest with strength, whose heart is stout like the lion's! The paths where we walk shall be beautiful because we walk together."

And the King gently kissed her lips and they crossed the desert, hand in hand, unto the city of Memphis, unto the Great House, the Per-o.

Thenceforward by the side of the just and merciful King Rhodopis reigned over Egypt, Rhodopis, lovely as day-dawn, who wore the small gilded sandals.

Phaeton

A Greek Myth

There dwelt once in Greece the nymph Clymene and her son, Phaeton, a bold and headstrong youth. Among his schoolfellows Phaeton once boasted that his father was no common mortal like theirs, but Phoebus Apollo, the mighty Lord of the Sun, who drove across the blue dome of heaven the flaming chariot of day.

"Ho!" laughed his schoolfellows, "words come easy." And they mocked him and scoffed at his boast. "Phoebus seems in no such haste to call thee son as thou art to call him father. For any notice he has ever taken of thee, thou mightest be son of a swineherd."

Then was Phaeton wrathful and stormed back home to his mother.

"These fellows will not believe," he said, "that I am son of Apollo. I shall go to my father and demand that he give me some sign to show them I speak the truth."

"Go, my son," said Clymene. "Thy father will bid thee welcome. But ask of him a modest and moderate sign becoming thy youthful years. Remember he is Lord of the Sun and thou art but a youth."

Phaeton paid little heed to her words. He flung himself out of her presence and was off on his journey. Toward India he travelled, the region of the Sunrise. At length far, far to eastward he came upon the Palace of the Sun. Reared high on splendid columns it stood, ablaze with gold and jewels. Nothing abashed by all its splendor, Phaeton toiled up the steep ascent

*In *Phaeton*, Saint-Saëns imitates, with stringed instruments, wood-winds, and horns, madly galloping horses. The rhythm increases to a terrific pace until cut short by Jove's thunderbolt, a crash of drums and cymbals.

and entered the halls of the palace. Boldly he pushed on into the very presence of Apollo. But there he was forced to stop for so bright were the rays streaming from that august head that Phaeton was dazzled by them.

Arrayed in purple robes, Phoebus sat on a throne that glistened as with diamonds. On his right hand and his left stood the Day, the Month and the Year, while ranged about were the Hours. Behind him stood Spring with garlands of flowers, Summer crowned with ripened grain, Autumn wreathed with purple grapes, and icy Winter coated with frost. Surrounded by these attendants, Apollo beheld the youth and mildly asked him his errand.

"O light of the boundless world!" cried Phaeton. "Phoebus, my father—if thou dost permit me to use that name—I come to be-

There is a fine "Hymn to the Sun" in Rimski-Korsakov's opera, *Le Coq d'Or*; and an old Greek Hymn to Apollo, the sun-god, (3rd Century, B.C.) was discovered in 1893, inscribed on two tablets at Delphi.

seech thee, if I am indeed thy son, give me some proof by which I may be known to the world."

When he ceased speaking, his father laid aside the beams that blinded the boy, held out his arms and bade him approach. Then he held him in a close embrace.

"Thou art indeed my son," said he. "Ask what thou wilt as proof, I solemnly vow to grant thy request."

Phaeton's eyes gleamed. He sprang from his father's arms and flung back his head.

"Grant me that I may drive for one day across the heavens thy mighty chariot of the Sun."

Then was the father alarmed at such a foolhardy request and repented his rash promise.

"Nay, my Phaeton," he said. "This request only do not make. I beg thee withdraw it. It is not a boon that is safe for thee nor suited at all to thy youth and strength. In thine ignorance thou dost think to attempt what I only am able to do. None but myself may drive the flaming car of day."

"I will have no other boon," cried Phaeton.

"But my son, the first part of the way is so steep my horses, when fresh in the morning, can hardly make the climb. The middle is so high up in the heavens that I myself can scarcely look down without alarm and behold the earth and sea stretched beneath me. The last part of the road descends at a giddy pace so one must know just how to drive to keep from plunging headlong."

Still the obstinate boy insisted.

"Perhaps thou dost think there are splendid palaces and temples to be seen on the way, but ah! on the contrary, the road lies through the midst of frightful monsters—constellations of stars they are called on Earth. Thou must pass by the horns of the Bull, and the gaping jaws of the Lion, between the claws of the Scorpion and

the Crab. Nor wilt thou find it easy to guide those fire-breathing horses. I can scarcely hold them myself if they chance to grow unruly. I beg thee to choose more wisely."

"I will have naught but to drive thy car," cried Phaeton.

So at last all unwillingly, Phoebus led the way to where stood the lofty chariot. It was of gold, the pole and wheels of gold, the spokes of silver. Along the seat were rows of chrysolites and diamonds which reflected all around the brightness of the sun. While the wilful youth gazed in admiration, the Dawn threw open the purple doors of the East, and showed the pathway strewn with roses. Slowly the stars withdrew, led by the Day-star. When he saw the East beginning to glow and the Moon preparing to retire, Phoebus ordered the Hours to harness up the horses. Forth from the lofty stalls they led the steeds, full fed with ambrosia, and attached the jewelled reins. Then the father reluctantly set the crown of brilliant rays on his son's head and said with a sad farewell sigh:

"Ah, my son, in this at least heed my advice, spare the whip and hold tight the reins. Thou wilt see the marks of the wheels on the road and they will serve to guide thee."

The agile youth sprang into the chariot, stood erect and grasped the reins with reckless delight.

Meanwhile the horses fill the air with their snortings and fiery breath and stamp the ground, impatient. Now the bars are let down and the boundless plain of the universe lies open before them. They dart forward, cleave a way through the clouds, and outrun the morning breezes.

The steeds soon feel that the load they draw is lighter than usual. And now they refuse to obey the reins and turn from the travelled road. Phaeton is alarmed. He knows not how to guide them. He plies them madly with his whip. Forward they race at breakneck speed.

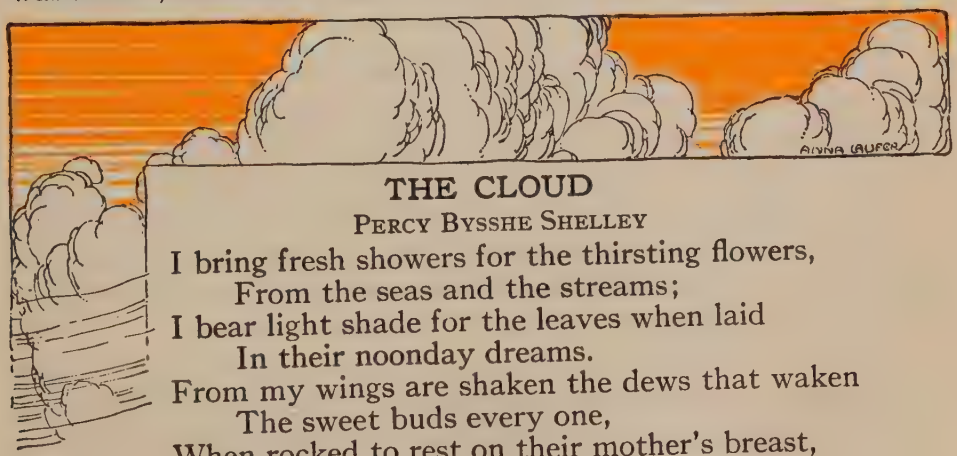
Phaeton looks down—far down to the earth. His knees shake. In spite of the glare all around him, the sight of his eyes grows dim. He wishes he had never touched his father's horses, never prevailed in his request. He is borne along like a vessel that flies before a tempest, when the pilot can do no more. Much of the heavenly road is left behind but more remains before. He rolls his eyes from the goal whence he began his course to the realms of sunset which he will never reach. He loses his self-command and knows not what to do—whether to draw tight the reins or throw them loose; he forgets the names of the horses. He sees with terror the monstrous forms scattered over the surface of heaven. Here the Scorpion stretches his great arms with his tail and crooked claws over two signs of the Zodiac. When the boy beholds him, his courage fails, and he drops the reins from his hands. Now altogether unrestrained, the horses plunge headlong. In among the stars they dash hurling the chariot over pathless places, now up in high heaven, now down almost to the earth.

The clouds begin to smoke and the mountain tops take fire, the fields are parched with heat, the plants wither, the trees with their leafy branches shiver, the harvest is ablaze. Great cities burn with their walls and towers.

So Phaeton beholds the world on fire, and feels the heat unbearable. The air he breathes is like a furnace. He dashes forward—he knows not whither. Then it is believed the people of Ethiopia were scorched black and the Libyan desert dried up to a waste of burning sand. The Nymphs who dwelt in the

fountains mourned the loss of their waters, nor were the rivers safe beneath their banks. The earth cracked open, the sea shrank up. Where before was water, it became a dry plain. The fishes sought the lowest depths and the dolphins no longer dared sport as before on the waves. Even Nereus, the old man of the Ocean, and his wife Doris, with the Nereides, their daughters, sought refuge in the deepest caves. Earth, screening her face with her hand, cried out with a husky voice on Jupiter, King of the Heavens, to save her.

Then Jupiter, all powerful, perceiving the ruin wrought by this mad race, mounted the lofty tower whence he sends clouds over the earth and hurls the forked lightnings. Thence he launched a thunderbolt and struck Phaeton from his seat. Headlong, like a shooting star, plunged the youth, his hair ablaze, down, down into the depths of the river Eridanus. And so the earth was saved; showers refreshed her, and she burst again into bloom.



THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Through the Mousehole

A Czech Fairy Tale

Before times long past, there reigned a King somewhere and he had three sons. One day when they were grown up and had been trained as befits princes, they came to their father and said:

"Kindly father, permit us to visit strange lands. It is well for us to know more of the world."

Now the King thought it good for his sons to ride abroad and match their strength and wits with the world, but he made this one condition: "Ye are all of an age when most young men seek the partners of their lives. So far as I know, ye will do likewise. I have no wish to tell you what princesses to choose, but this command I lay upon you—return before a year and a day and bring me some gift from your loved ones, that I may know what sort of maidens have pleased you."

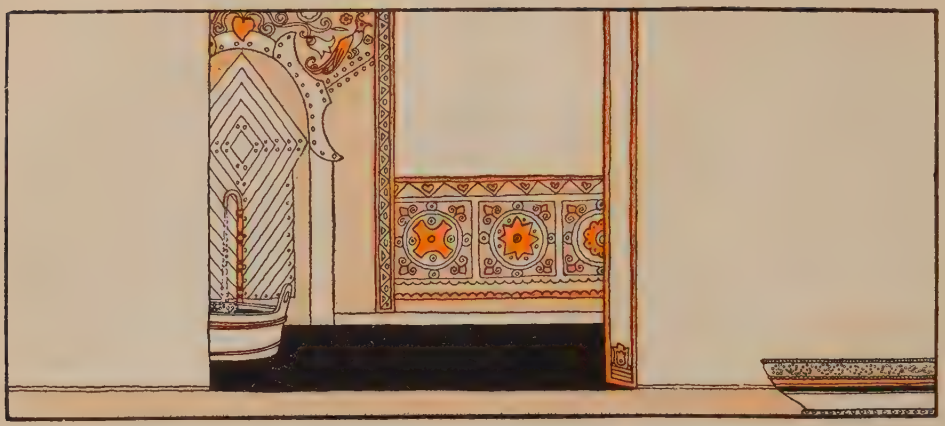
The princes were astonished that their father had guessed their thoughts so well, and they agreed at once to his command. Each one said that he would shoot an arrow into the air and start out on his adventures in whatever direction the arrow fell. So they took their crossbows and set off for the open field. The eldest son let the bow-string go, and his arrow flew to the East. The second let the string go, and his arrow flew to the West.

"And where am I to aim?" cried the youngest whose name was Yarmil. Just at that moment a mouse ran past him and into its hole. He let the string go, and his arrow flew after the mouse.

"Oho!" cried the brothers. "See where you must go, Yarmil! Into a mousehole!" And they thought it a matter for jesting. But Yarmil, nothing daunted, prepared for the road.

"Through a mousehole I shall find fortune, as well as by another way," cried he, and when the eldest son rode down the broad and pleasant highway to the East, and the second son down the broad and pleasant highway to the West, Yarmil made straight for the mousehole. He approached it boldly on his horse and at the very moment he came full upon it, the small entrance grew suddenly large, so he rode in quite easily without even slackening speed. Sooner than he could think, he found himself in an open country in the midst of which stood a white marble castle. Nowhere did he see a living soul, but scarcely had he entered the gate, when a lady came forth to meet him. She wore long, flowing robes of white and her face, hair, eyes, all were white as the new-fallen snow. By the bridle she held a spirited, snow-white steed and she silently beckoned to Yarmil to descend from his horse and mount the one she was holding. Scarcely had he done so, when the creature rose with him through the air, and regardless of bit, flew on and on, till it brought him to earth before a splendid castle. Round about, wherever the eye could see, was a beautiful garden abloom with flowers, wherein birds of all sorts were singing.

Yarmil dismounted in great amazement, but as he took his steed by the bridle to lead him into the courtyard, it broke suddenly from his hand, rose lightly into the air and disappeared like a great white bird in the clouds. Then Yarmil advanced and rapped on the door of the castle. No one appeared to answer his summons, but the door itself swung open. Up a flight of



broad marble steps he climbed to the door of the first chamber. Again he rapped. No answer, but this door like the first, swung open. Then Yarmil entered the most magnificent room he had ever seen, a hall ablaze with gold and jewels. Beyond this, he passed through a succession of chambers, each one more splendid than the last, and so on till he came to the eleventh. Here he paused a moment, for, in this room he saw a great crystal tub, bound about with golden hoops, and into this tub through a golden pipe, clear, fresh water was pouring. The twelfth and last chamber unlike all the others was small and bare, and, strange to relate, in the center stood a pan, made solidly of diamonds.

Advancing swiftly to the pan, Yarmil stooped to examine it, and at once he saw written upon it these strange words: "Carry me near your heart and bathe me each day, so you will set free one who is bound."

Still more astonished, Yarmil lifted from the pan a diamond cover. Below that, he found a golden cover, and last of all one of silver. As he dragged up the last cover with great difficulty, he suddenly saw at the bottom of the pan, what but an ugly toad! On first thought, he turned to run away, but no! in spite of himself

he lifted the toad from the pan and put it in his bosom. At first the touch of it chilled him through and through, but the next moment he felt himself strangely happy.

Straightway he went to the eleventh chamber, took out the toad and washed it carefully in the crystal tub with the clear, pure water that flowed from the golden pipes. But for all he bathed the creature, it still remained a toad. Carefully he put it back in its place near his heart and went out into the garden.

Here the sight of the trees, the odor of the flowers and the songs of the birds cheered him till midday. Then he went back to the castle and to his great surprise, saw in the first chamber a table spread with the daintiest dishes. Here, as he sat and ate, he was served by unseen hands. After dinner he looked more carefully about the room, and now the splendor did not charm him so much as at first. Instead, he rejoiced in the musical instruments, writing materials and books which were everywhere about. With these he made bold to busy himself, and so he did, day after day, but always his first thought was the care of the toad. The lonely life troubled him somewhat at first, for never once did a human being appear, but he mastered this feeling soon, and

then one thing only grieved him—the more he washed the toad, the uglier it seemed to grow. Still he carried it always next his heart, and never failed to bathe it.

At length it was nearing the end of the year when he must return to his father and carry him a present. Yarmil knew not what to do. How could he leave the toad? What could he take to the King as a gift? Such thoughts as these made him sad and anxious. When the very last day of the year came, he was quite beside himself, but, as he was passing through his room, he suddenly saw on his writing table a sheet of paper. Seizing it quickly he read:

"Dear Yarmil,—Be patient as I am patient. A gift for thy father thou wilt find in the pan. Give it to him, but tarry not long at home. Put me back in the pan."

Hastening with joy to the twelfth chamber, Yarmil found in the pan a splendid casket. He knew not what was in it, but he took it obediently, removed the toad from his bosom, and put it carefully back in the pan. Then he hastened from the castle. In the courtyard he found the snow-white steed in waiting. At once he threw himself on its back, it rose with him into the air, and flew on and on, regardless of bit, till it dropped to earth before the white castle. The white lady appeared again, gave Yarmil his own horse and took the white one from him.

When he had passed through the gate of the castle and turned to look back, lo! there was naught behind but a mousehole. He rushed on at a gallop and arrived at his father's castle almost at the same moment as his brothers, so that all three were able to appear together before their father, and say: "Here we are, according to thy command."

"But have ye brought gifts from your princesses?" asked the king.

"Of course," cried the elder brothers, proudly. Yarmil

answered, as it were timidly, with a nod; for he knew not what was in that casket taken from the pan.

The King had invited a great number of guests to look at the gifts. All were in the banqueting-hall. The King led his sons thither, and when the feast was ended, he said to the eldest: "Now give me the gift from thy princess."

"My love is the daughter of a great king. With her I have spent the year in feasting and tourneys and tilts at arms," said the Prince proudly, and he gave his father a splendid casket.

The King took out therefrom a small mirror, about the size of an aspen leaf, and as he looked in it, he wondered not a little that he saw his whole person in such small compass. Then he said: "Well, it is not a bad gift."

The second son also said proudly that his love was the daughter of a great king and from his princess he presented his father with a mirror even smaller. Still the King only said: "It is not a bad gift," and he turned to Yarmil. "But what has thy princess sent me?" In silence and humbly, Yarmil gave him the casket. The King barely looked in it when he cried out in amazement, for therein was a mirror no bigger than one's little thumb nail, in which the King could see not only his own person, but the whole great hall, the gleaming tapers on the wall, and all the guests besides.

"Now," cried the king, "here is a Princess who knows what is what," and embracing Yarmil, he added with tenderness: "Thou hast brought me true joy, my son."

Yarmil called to mind the ugly toad, and had no regret now that he had spent a whole year in nursing it; but his brothers were enraged that he had found such a thing through a mousehole.

When the feast was over and the princes were parting with their father, he said: "Go now with rejoicing, but return in a year and a day, and bring me portraits of your princesses."

The elder brothers promised with joy, but Yarmil barely nodded, for he feared what his father would say should he bring the toad's portrait. Still he went with his brothers beyond the town, where he parted with them, and galloped on to the mouse-hole. At the white castle the white lady took his horse and gave him the white steed, which rose through the air, and regardless of bit, flew on till it reached the golden castle, where it disappeared like a dove in the clouds.

In the castle nothing was changed. Yarmil hurried to the twelfth chamber and there stood the diamond pan as before. Hastily he removed the three covers, carefully took out the toad, and placed it tenderly in his bosom. Now he bathed it twice each day, but to his grief it grew uglier. How could he take back home the portrait of such a princess?

At last the day was near in which he must return. He looked continually on his writing table till he saw to his great joy a sheet of paper on which was written in silver letters—

"Dear Yarmil,—Be patient, as I am patient. Thou hast my portrait in the pan; give it to thy father, but tarry not long. Put me back in the pan."

Yarmil hastened to the twelfth chamber, and found in the pan a casket still richer than the first. He took it quickly, and put the toad in its place. Then he hurried forth, and sat on the white steed, which brought him to the white castle, where the white lady gave him his own horse. He galloped on and arrived at the gate of his father's castle at the same time with his brothers. They stood before their father and said: "Here we are, as thou hast commanded."

"Do ye bring me portraits of your princesses?" asked the king.

"Yea!" exclaimed the two elder brothers, full of pride. But Yarmil only answered with a nod, for he knew not what portrait the casket contained.

The King led them to the banqueting-hall, where the guests were assembled. When the banquet was over, he said to the eldest: "Now show me the portrait of thy princess."

The eldest brother gave a rich casket to his father. He opened it, took out a portrait, and looking at it from every side said at last: "That is a beautiful lady, she pleases me. Still there are fairer than she in the world." Then he said to his second son: "And the portrait of thy princess?"

The second son gave him promptly a richer casket, and smiled with happiness. He thought that his father could never have seen a lovelier princess, but the king only said: "A beautiful lady too, still there are more beautiful in the world."

Then he nodded to Yarmil, who gave with trembling hands his diamond casket. The King opened it and looked fixedly at what lay within, unable to utter a word. Yarmil could but hold his breath. Was it the portrait of a toad that lay there? "Ah,"

cried the King at last. "I had not believed in all the world such a lady was to be found."

The guests crowded around the portrait, and in one voice agreed with the King. At last Yarmil drew near and looked on the face of his princess. Such loveliness was unbelievable! Now he regretted no whit that he had spent two years in lone life caring patiently for a toad.

Next day the princes were taking farewell, and the king said to them: "After this time I will not let you go again. In a year and a day I wish to see your princesses; then we will celebrate the weddings."

Full of hope they all set out and in good time Yarmil came to the castle. He hastened at once to the twelfth chamber, eagerly hoping to find there his wondrous fair princess; but no—he found in the pan the same ugly toad as before. He was disappointed, you may be sure, but he put the little creature in his bosom, and now washed it three times each day. In vain seemed all his labor, for the more he bathed, the uglier grew the toad. When the end of the year drew near it is a wonder that he did not despair; for the toad had become so hideous that he shivered whenever he looked at it. And now he must bring this to his father as his chosen one.

Still he stuck to his task and would not give up his hope. On the very last day he reached to his bosom to look once more at the toad. At sight of it he hoped he might find some comfort; but a new surprise awaited him—the toad was gone. Now he began to lament, for after all, he loved the creature. He ran through the whole castle, and searched every room. He searched every tree and bush in the garden but no trace of the toad did he find.

At last he remembered the dish in the twelfth chamber. Thither he ran, but on the threshold he stopped as if thunderstruck: That poor chamber had become a real paradise, and in the middle

of it stood a lady as beautiful, ah, more beautiful still than the portrait which he had carried to his father! In speechless amazement he looked at her, and who knows how long he might have stood there had she not turned to him sweetly and said:

"My dear, know that I am the daughter of a mighty King. Me and all my people a wicked wizard turned into toads because I refused to marry him. Thou hast endured much and patiently, but now at last thy faithful devotion has set me free. Come, let us be off at once, so as to come to thy father's in time."

Then she led him down the stairs. In front of the castle a carriage, with four white horses, was waiting. When they entered, the horses rushed off with such speed that soon they passed the white castle where the white fairy, who had kept guard over the Princess, waved them a friendly greeting. Out through the gate they went and behind them was naught but a mousehole. So they arrived at the King's castle just in the same moment with the two elder brothers and the Princesses they had brought. But, alas! no one ever once looked at them. On Yarmil's bride was every eye fixed. Never had there been seen in the kingdom so beautiful a creature.

The King was rejoiced most of all and, with tears of delight, he exalted the happiness of his youngest son.

On the following day came the weddings of the three princes; and, when the feasting was over, Yarmil set out with his wife on the journey to their kingdom. They found the mousehole no longer a mousehole, but a magnificent gate leading to a great city, in the middle of which stood a golden castle. Here there were multitudes of people everywhere; and, in the castle, throngs of courtiers and servants greeted with mighty applause their master and mistress and thanked Yarmil at the same time for their liberation. The royal pair were goodness itself, and so they all henceforth lived happily beyond measure.

The Two Bad Bargains

A Yugoslavian Tale from Serbia

In days gone by there lived a couple who had one only son, named Vladimir. Now Vladimir was a lad both strong and of good courage, yet of so compassionate a heart that if he saw but a dog in trouble, nothing would do but he must stop and help it. After his schooling was finished, Vladimir's father gave him a ship freighted with various sorts of merchandise and bade him go trading about the world and grow rich. Vladimir put to sea at once, in high spirits and good hope, his head full of visions of mighty fortunes to win; but he was not gone many days from port when he met a vessel swarming with savage Turks, from whence he heard noise of much weeping and wailing. Boldly Vladimir drew alongside the Turkish vessel and demanded, "Why comes there such noise of weeping from out your hold?"

The Turkish sailors made answer with ugly grins, "We have captured a ship load of slaves to sell in the great slave market of Stamboul. It is those who are chained that are weeping."

Then Vladimir must needs cry out, "How much are they worth—your ship load of slaves?" and the Captain of the slave ship answered, "As much as the value of all your lading!"

Now Vladimir saw trembling before him all his visions of fortune, if he traded his cargo to good advantage, yet the weeping of those unhappy slaves went tugging at his heart strings, and tugging, and tugging, till at last he cried out, "I will trade all my merchandise for those poor creatures."

The Captain agreed, you may be sure, and the exchange was made on the spot. Vladimir gave up all his cargo and took the slaves instead. As they came aboard and passed him by, he asked each one whence he came and told him he was free to go home. One and all, they fell with great joy at his feet. Only at the very last, there came before him an old woman who held close to her side a pale and beautiful maiden. This old woman still continued to weep.

"For," said she, "our home is so far and so far away that we can never get back again. This maid is sole daughter to a mighty king, and I am her nurse. One day we wandered in the garden too far from the palace, and the Turks fell upon us and dragged us off prisoners. Since then we have sailed both weeks and months. We shall never find our way back. Pray let us remain with you."

So Vladimir set the other slaves ashore, but he felt great pity for the beautiful maiden, and seeing she had no place whatever to go, he married her and set off for home. When he arrived with an empty vessel and naught but a penniless maid and a poor old woman to show for his cargo, his father was furiously angry.

"My foolish son!" he cried. "What have you done? Made away with a rich and valuable cargo and brought home two empty mouths to feed!" Then he closed to him the door of his house, bade him take his young bride and go about his business.

So Vladimir and Helena and the good nurse lived in great poverty, but the two young people so dearly loved each other, that even in their poor little hut with naught but hard work

and the coarsest of food to eat, they were happy. Only Vladimir felt some blot on his joy because of his father's anger. At last, after some time, the father's heart softened; he took pity on his son and received him again to his house with his wife and her nurse. Then he gave him another vessel and said:

"Now, my son, you have seen the consequences of your last foolish bargain. Do not repeat your folly. Trade this merchandise to your own advantage and come back rich!"

So Vladimir was full of gratitude and joy, and leaving Helena in his father's care, he set out with more alluring visions of fortune even than those he had had before. But when he put into the very first port, what should he see coming toward him but a miserable procession of prisoners, with a white haired old man at the head, being driven harshly along by soldiers.

"Where are you driving these poor prisoners?" cried Vladimir.

"They cannot pay the King's taxes," cried the soldiers. "They shall rot in dungeons until they do!"

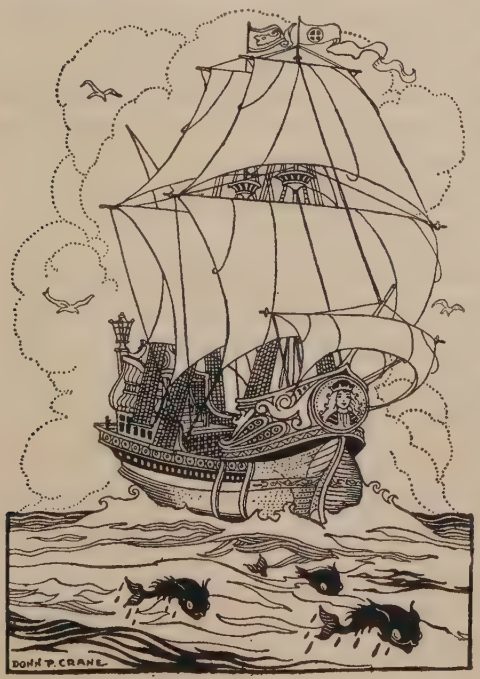
Now, Vladimir, remembering his father's words, tried to turn away from the pitiful sight and set about selling his cargo with great exercise of worldly wisdom, but the look of those poor prisoners and the sound of their cries were ever in his heart. For the life of him, he could not hold back. He went straight to the chief magistrate of the city and gave him all his

merchandise to pay up their debts and set them free. Then he returned home with an empty vessel and not a single copper to show. Falling at his father's feet, he told him what he had done and begged his forgiveness, but this time the father drove him still more sternly out of his presence.

Long were the days when Vladimir and his bride were forbidden the father's home, but fathers are fathers, and I doubt not the mother was ever pleading for her son, for, however that may be, the father yielded again at last, took his son to his heart and prepared a vessel for him still finer than the other two.

"Behold," said he, "your last chance to win fortune."

Now ere Vladimir departed, he had the portrait of his wife's old nurse painted on the stern of his ship and on the prow the face of Helena herself, beautiful as the sunrise making rosy the snow-capped Carpathians, beautiful as the moonlight gleaming across the Danube. Then once more he took leave of his loved ones and made off.



He sailed both weeks and months, and at last he dropped anchor in the bay of a great city where dwelt a mighty king. All the citizens came swarming to the anchorage to examine this strange ship and in the afternoon the King himself proceeded thither in state to ask who the captain was and what was his business there. But no sooner had the King come close to the ship than he saw on the prow

the portrait of that wondrously beautiful maiden. Scarcely could he believe his eyes. Instantly he ordered that the captain be brought before him.

"Stranger-from-no-one-knows-where," he cried, "why have you painted on the prow the face of that beautiful maid?"

Then Vladimir told him all his tale, but no sooner had he finished than the King held out his arms with tears in his eyes, and held him in a close embrace.

"That girl is my only child!" he cried, "stolen from me these many years!" And when he had made an end to weeping for joy, he took Vladimir to the palace and told the good news to the Queen and the Court. Then was Vladimir proclaimed heir to the King and great was the rejoicing and festivity everywhere. Only the King's Chief Minister was silent and sullen, for to him the hand of the Princess had been promised when she was but a child and he had no mind to lose her now. The King soon gave Vladimir splendid gifts for his own mother and father and a much finer ship than his own, then he bade him go home at once to bring Helena and all his family back to court.

"Your father shall be my brother, your mother my sister," he said.

Now Vladimir was overjoyed to obey, only he begged the King to send with him one of his Ministers that his father might not disbelieve the strange tale he should have to tell. So whom should the King give Vladimir for companion, but that same Minister who wanted the Princess himself. All through the voyage, the Minister wore a fair face and made pretence to be Vladimir's friend, but his heart was dark, and he said to himself, "When once the girl is safe in my power, I'll make an end of this troublesome fellow."

They arrived safely in port and Vladimir's father was surprised to see his son return in such splendid state. "It must be you

have learned at last to make a shrewd bargain!" he cried, but Vladimir answered smiling, "Nay, nay, 'tis to my first bad bargain my fortune is due." And he told his father all his tale. Then was the father astounded, but as the Chief Minister was there to bear witness to the truth of the matter, no one could doubt it. The Princess was overjoyed to think of seeing her father and mother again, and the good nurse likewise, so they all set out for that distant kingdom.

Now the Chief Minister had found Helena ten times more beautiful even than he remembered, and so he was more determined than ever to be rid of her young husband. When they had sailed a long distance and the night was dark, he summoned Vladimir to a lonely spot on the deck. The young man came with no thought of evil, but as he drew near, the Chief Minister seized him and hurled him overboard. The next morning, finding that he had disappeared, Helena and his mother and father began to lament. "Alas and alack! He has fallen overboard and been lost," the false Minister said, pretending great grief, and then he devoted himself to comforting the Princess.

Meantime, Vladimir was carried along by the waves and dashed upon a huge, barren rock. When morning came, he saw nothing about him but a dreary waste of waters, and there he must sit, scorched by the sun, with no shelter whatever and nothing at all to eat but a kind of moss that grew there. For fifteen days and fifteen nights there he sat, and how was he ever to be got off? At last and at last he saw a small boat coming toward him. He rose and made frantic signals, but little he knew whether the man in the boat would come to his aid or not, for the rock was jagged and dangerous and the waves came beating fiercely upon it, so landing was well nigh impossible. But as the man drew near enough to see Vladimir's face, lo! he stood up in the boat and in his features shone a light that was

brighter than the sun. Straight he made toward the dangerous shore, for the man was none other than the white haired old fellow who had marched at the head of the prisoners Vladimir had saved from the dungeons. And let the waves beat how they would, he steered his boat up to the rocks and took Vladimir safely off. Then he bore him to the very village where the poor prisoners still were dwelling. One and all, they crowded to help him. They gave him food and new clothing and cheered him off on his way.

For thirty days more, Vladimir wandered, till his clothes were ragged as before and his face scarce to be recognized for the tan and long-grown beard. In this fashion he arrived at the palace of the King. He knocked for admittance at the garden gate, but the gardener, not knowing him at all, drove him away. Soon there came by the King with Vladimir's mother, the Queen with Vladimir's father, and Helena herself, conversing with the Minister. At sight of her, apparently so forgetful of him, Vladimir bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. Nevertheless, as his wife passed him by, she saw the wedding ring on his finger and stopped in great agitation to ask him where he got it.

"Nay, how can you speak to that dirty beggar?" asked the Minister, dragging her off. But Helena was greatly troubled, and as soon as she reached the palace, she told the King, her father, how she had recognized her husband's ring and urged him to send for the beggar and ask him how he came by it. So the King sent his servants to fetch the beggar, and as soon as Helena looked full in his face she knew him. Then she cast herself into his arms and there was great rejoicing. As to the Minister, when the Great King heard of his treachery, he was publicly disgraced and banished forever from the land. And when they were all once more united and happy, a little bird came and whispered into the ear of Vladimir's father:

"After all, is it so fruitless—your son's kind of bargaining?"

The Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb

A Russian Legend

FAR behind the blue sea in the midst of the pleasant meadows ruled Tsar Wise-Head and his Tsaritsa. They had two beautiful daughters who delighted the father's heart. He built them a white marble palace with pinnacles of gold; and so anxious was he for their welfare, that he built a high wall round their palace. He placed seventy-seven nurses to watch over them indoors and seventy-seven nurses to watch over them outdoors, and seventy-seven guardians to guard the palace walls. In spite of his anxious care he one day heard a great noise and commotion in his court-yard. The seventy-seven guards and twice seventy-seven nurses ran in and fell down before him.

"Alas!" they cried, "the Tsarevnas have been carried off by a whirlwind!"

Tsar Wise-Head was in a rage. He cast the attendants in dungeons. He fell into sore affliction. Banquets ceased at his court and sad grief sat at his side.

But, in time, a son was born and, when the boy Ivan was grown, the Tsar summoned him to his presence and spake to the young man thus: "My beloved son, good art thou and beauteous, and I am well-content with thee. Thou hast both wit and wisdom and canst play so well on the harp that all who listen dance for joy.

One thing only grieves me. I do not see in thee the valor of a warrior, or the skill of a champion. Thou dost not love the clash of steel lances. Look now, if evil foes should come upon us, what couldst thou do to defend us?"

Then the Tsarevitch Ivan answered his father thus: "Dear Tsar and father, both courage and strength are mine, yet do I trust rather in sagacity than in the clash of steel. Not by cudgels but by wisdom will I prevail against the foe. Make trial of me this very day! They tell me I have two sisters whom the whirlwind carried away. Call together thy princes and bid them do thee the service of finding the Tsarevnas. If any one of these with all their damask blades, their iron lances and soldiery shall offer himself for this service, then give to him my tsardom and bid me be his scullion to clean his pots and pans. But, if they refuse this service, then will I render it thee, and thou shalt see my wits are keener than a damask blade and stronger than a lance."

The words of the Tsarevitch pleased the Tsar. He called together his boyars and voevods and spake unto them thus: "Is there any one of you, my strong and mighty champions, hero enough to seek my daughters? If so, he may choose which daughter he will as wife and with her have half my tsardom."

Then the boyars and the voevods hid one behind the other. Not one of them dared speak. So the Tsarevitch bowed and said: "Dear Father! If none will render thee this paltry little service, give me thy blessing on my journey. I will seek my sisters!"

"Good!" replied the Tsar. "Depart and take what thou wilt of my treasures and a hundred-thousand soldiers."

But the Tsarevitch Ivan answered, "I need neither silver nor gold, neither soldiers nor sword nor lance. I will take my sweet-sounding harp and not leave my wits behind. And if I come not back in three years, choose another as my successor."

So Ivan took his harp and went straight off on his way. He went and went near and far and he played on his harp as he went.

At last one evening he came to an opening in a forest. All around were oak and pine trees lit by the setting sun. And here, within a railing, stood a strange little house. It was supported on hen's legs that walked about here and there. And when Ivan saw this house twirling round and round, he addressed it thus:

"Turn round, little house, turn round,
I want to come inside;
Let thy back to the forest be found,
Thy door to me open wide."

So the little house turned around. Ivan stepped in at the door, and there in the hut was sitting Baba Yaga, the bony one.

"Fie! Fie! Fie! Why hast thou come here where no Russian soul ever enters?" cried Baba Yaga.

"Ask me no questions tonight, little Granny," said Ivan. "Morning is wiser than evening. Give me food tonight."

At these words Baba Yaga leaped up in a twinkling and prepared him food and drink. Then, leaving him in the house, she passed the night out-of-doors. In the morning Ivan spake to her thus: "I go to seek my sisters, Loveliness-that-Shines and Jewel-without-a-Price. Tell me, my dear little Granny, if thou knowest what way must I go and where shall I find them?"

"I know where they are," said Baba Yaga. "They are kept

prisoner by the Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb-With-Mustaches-Seven-Miles-Long. And a fierce little man is he. His strength is as the whirlwind. He can pull up an oak by the roots!"

"Be his strength thrice ten times that of a man," said Ivan, "God will not give a Russian soul over to such a swine."

"The way to his cave is long and difficult," said Baba Yaga, "but, if thou wilt follow the road before the door, thou wilt come at length to a hut with a garden and sheepfold that he carried away at one swoop from a little peasant of the Steppes."

So Ivan thanked Baba Yaga, took up his harp and was off. At length he came to a hut with a tiny sheepfold and garden. He knocked at the door, there was no answer. So he lifted the latch and walked in. Then he sat down to think how to bring the little man to him. After short consideration, he took the kettle that hung in the fireplace, filled it full of green cabbages and what-not from the garden, and made a savory stew.

Almost at once there came a rumbling and a thundering, the door was nearly torn off its hinges and there stood the Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb-With-Mustaches-Seven-Miles-Long. He looked at Ivan from beneath his beetling brows and shrieked with a terrible voice, "How dare you come into my hut? How dare you make savory stew of my cabbages?"

But Ivan looked at him calmly and said with a smile: "You ought to grow a little bigger before you shriek so."

At that the Little Man fell into a fury. Seizing hold of both door posts he shook the whole house like a tempest. Then he flung himself violently on Ivan. But, though his strength seemed thrice ten times that of Ivan, Ivan was not afraid. Dodging well out of his reach, he seized the Little Man by his long mustaches and held on tight. Then he began to drag him around the hut. The Little Man writhed and wriggled. At length with a terrible wrench, he jerked himself loose and was off, leaving the ends of his mustaches clutched tight in Ivan's fists.

Ivan made after him but, all at once, the Little Man flew up in the air and vanished. So Ivan knew no more than before where to search for his sisters. Then he reflected and said to himself: "I will go to the river hard by, take a boat, and ferry people across. Of each who crosses I will take no money, but will ask that he tell me, if he knows, where I may find the Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb-With-Mustaches-Seven-Miles-Long."

So Ivan took his harp and went to the river. There for one whole year he ferried people back and forth, but not one could tell him where the Little Man was to be found. On the last day of the year, however, he ferried three old pilgrims over. The first pulled out a handful of gold; the second, a roll of pearls; and the third, the most precious stones.

But Ivan pushed from him the gold and jewels. "Nay," he said, "I want no pay. Tell me, rather, where I may find the Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb-With-Mustaches-Seven-Miles-Long."

"Well for thee, good youth, that thou has asked this of us," said the eldest of the pilgrims, "for thou has but to wish thyself where the Little Man is, and we can grant thee thy wish."

So Ivan wished to be where the Little Man kept his sisters, and, before he could wink, he found himself among gloomy rocks by the sea. Near a dark, yawning cavern the Little Man was sitting.

"Hah! what brings you hither?" he screeched as he saw Ivan.

"I have come for my sisters, the Tsarevnas!" cried Ivan.

But the Little Man laughed mockingly. Slipping into the cave he came forth dragging the two lovely Princesses.

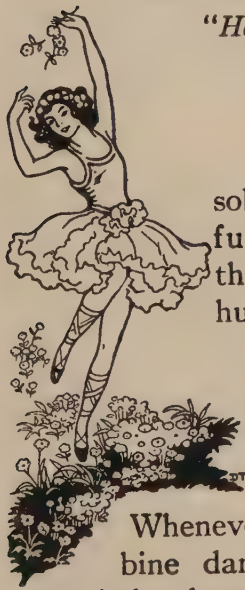
"I'll pitch them into the sea!" he roared.

Ivan used his wits in a twinkling. Seizing his harp, he drew his hands across its strings and struck up a lively tune. As soon as that tune fell on the Little Man's ears, he fell a-dancing. He skipped up and down, he stamped with his feet, he danced and he danced, and he could not leave off dancing. At the sound of that music too, the fish came up out of the sea—whales and sturgeons and herring and carp, not to speak of crabs and lobsters—and they all began to dance on the shore. They circled and spun and leaped. They hopped and skipped and tripped. And they could not leave off dancing.

Ivan, setting down his harp, bade it go on playing of itself while he put an arm about each of his sisters and led them safely away. And the harp went on harping without a harper, and the Little Man went on howling and dancing, and the whales and other fish all danced in a circle about him. But Ivan delivered his sisters in safety to their father. The Tsar and Tsaritsa received their daughters with joy. Then Ivan said to the Tsar, "Thou seest, my father, that not with force and valor alone may one prevail, but as well with wit and wisdom."

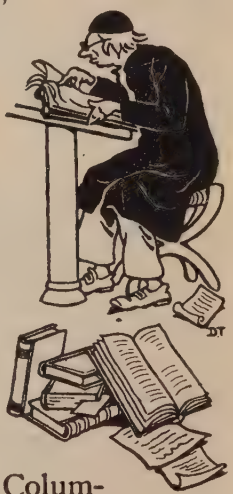
Columbine and Her Playfellows of the Italian Pantomime*

ONCE on a time there stood on one corner of the market place in a little village of Italy, a small, pink stucco house to the lower floor of which a shop, bursting with fruit and fresh vegetables, lent a gay touch of color. Here lived an old merchant named Pantaloon with his beautiful daughter, Columbine. Columbine was a merry creature, always dancing, always skipping. Her little toes twinkled gaily, her gauzy skirts rippled lightly. For sheer joy she danced, like a sunbeam—here, there, and everywhere. Villagers called as she passed:



"Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful Jollity.
Come and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

But Pantaloon, the father, was sober as an owl. He sat in a room full of books, directly above the shop and pored over some huge volume, while Columbine served their customers:



Dismal, doleful Pantaloon,
Downcast eyes and shuffle-shoon,
Up to ears in volumes old,
Buried deep in must and mould!

Whenever Pantaloon chanced to see Columbine dancing, he shook his cane at her and bade her be prim and sedate. But Columbine did not like always to stay at the shop. Sometimes she ran to the meadows to frisk among kindly shepherd folk who tended their snow-white sheep. But, when she returned from such frolics, Pantaloon

*From early days, a favorite entertainment in many countries, especially at holiday time, has been the pantomime or dumb show in which actors bring out the story by their motions without speaking any words. In Italy, Columbine, Pierrot, and Harlequin became regular characters in the pantomime and from Italy, they spread to England, France, and the rest of the world.

greeted her angrily, tossed her flowers out of the window, threatened her with his cane and set her to work again. For her entertainment when work was over, he sent his servant to bring her upstairs, then he set her down primly before him and preached to her with a huge opened book on his knees.

Now Pantaloon's servant was the Clown.

Simple Simon, silly goose,
Blockhead, booby, most obtuse!

Whatever Pantaloon did, the Clown would mimic. While Pantaloon preached to Columbine, the Clown sat humped over a monstrous book and preached to a little white pig.

One day Pantaloon, quite beside himself with Columbine's frisking, sent the Clown to their young neighbor, Pierrot, to bid him come and mind Columbine, while Columbine minded the shop.

To bottle up her spirits,
Put snuffers on her joy,
To bridle, bit, and curb her,
Bring here that pensive boy.

So the Clown hitched his pig to a little cart and went riding off to fetch Pierrot.

Now Pierrot was a lovable fellow who had often brought nosegays to Columbine, and he was overjoyed to come and be her companion at Pantaloon's request. But he was quiet and thoughtful, and his garments were white with spots of black, like the moonlight gleam among shadows. Columbine had been longing for a gay play-fellow, but Pierrot sang to her, to the accompaniment of his lute, of the soft, tender beauty of moonlight, of the restful peace of cool shadows, the quiet calm of still waters, and the song of the nightingale.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Now Columbine would have nothing to do with shadows or

quiet. She would twinkle and beam like the sunbeam and dance everywhere. So Columbine teased poor Pierrot and he found no way to please her.

One day while they tended the shop, and Pantaloon sat in

the room above with his nose in some musty old tome, Columbine hid from Pierrot. He chased her here and there, in and out, in and out, just as the shadows of leaves play hide-and-seek with the sunbeams. Then she slipped away altogether, left him alone to sell onions and whisked away to the woodland.

As she wandered through a beautiful grove of beech trees, she threw back her head and lifted her arms and cried out for a play-fellow. Suddenly the wind came frolicking by, flipped her gauze skirts, tweaked her hair, and snatched off a rose from her bosom. Then it ducked away, swirled around a great tree and bang! there bounced out on the other side a jolly gay fellow in scarlet and yellow, who leaped up high in the air, turned handsprings, and bounced like a rubber ball. For a moment Columbine held back and knew not what to think, but Harlequin seized her by the hand and then heigho! for a frolic!

*Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,**
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides!

As Columbine frolicked with Harlequin, the Clown came through the woods, sent out by the angry Pantaloon, to look for the missing Columbine. Master Clown looked in the most impossible places, he bent from his hips with his knees very stiff, and peeped under tiny flowers where not even a grasshopper could have hid, he stretched up his neck like a giraffe's, to look into birds' nests in the trees, and twisted himself into bowknots as he peered everywhere about. What with looking where they could not have been, and never

*This poem, the one on page 123, and the first one on page 119, are from Milton's *L'Allegro*, a beautiful celebration of pure joy. The last poem on page 120, is from *Il Penseroso*, a poem of gentle sadness.

where they might have been, he backed into Columbine and Harlequin and stumbled straight over them. Then he stood on his head, shook his feet in their faces, and went running off on his hands to tell his tale to his master.

Soon, sputtering and angry, shaking his head and his fists, and threatening with his cane, along through the woods came Pantaloon. Leading the way before him, importantly swaggered the Clown.

Columbine and Harlequin were still dancing, laughing, chasing, but they spied the two coming a long way off, and hid behind a tree. When Pantaloon and the Clown were almost upon them, booh! out popped Harlequin, over bowled the two in astonishment, and off danced Harlequin and Columbine. Pantaloon and the Clown picked themselves up and gave chase, but just as they were hot on the heels of the pair, the Clown tripped over a straw and fell, while his master went sprawling on top of him. The chase was long and merry. Pantaloon and the Clown caught a straying donkey and flung themselves both on his back, but the donkey balked, pitched Pantaloon into a rain-barrel and the Clown into a tub of whitewash. So Harlequin and Columbine soon out-distanced their pursuers.

Meantime, Pierrot, left alone, set out sorrowfully to find his beloved Columbine, and he sang sad songs, as he went, to his lute. At last he came to a country fair, where the shepherd folk were gathered with their sheep. Some had joined in quaint folk dances, while others crowded about the place where tumblers were giving a show.

*—many a youth and many a maid**
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

In the midst of the crowd, Pierrot spied Columbine and Harlequin. From a shepherd he purchased a tiny white lamb, with a silver bell on a little blue ribbon about its neck.

Music for *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* was written by George Frederick Händel (1685-1759). In *Il Penseroso*, the flute imitates the voice of a bird.

Then he offered the gift to Columbine. Columbine took it and kissed it, but Harlequin began at once to play mischievous pranks on Pierrot. He flipped his clothes, tweaked off his cap, and startled him with sudden dartings. And Columbine joined in the laughter at Pierrot's expense. Seeing how much she seemed to prefer the madcap Harlequin, Pierrot sadly left her. As the days went by, Columbine had less and less time for Pierrot. Harlequin was always popping in at the window and leading her off for a frolic. So, there came a day when Pierrot could endure it no more. He packed his belongings into a bundle, tied the bundle to the end of a stick, sang one last farewell song below Columbine's empty balcony, and set out into the world.

At first, when Columbine found he was gone, she tossed her head and pretended that she did not care at all. She still raced off with Harlequin but, as month after month passed by, she began to miss Pierrot sadly. She grew tired of always frolicking. Without the thoughtful quiet of Pierrot to rest in, she could not enjoy the bounding merriment of Harlequin. Her feet began to stop twinkling and she left off skipping and dancing. Then Pantaloon was content. He thought he had quenched forever the bubbling spring of her joy.

But, in time, there came to the village the fame of a certain poet, who wrote most beautiful plays and of whom all Italy spoke. One day, a stage was set up in one corner of the market place. A play by the famous poet was to be given there. Harlequin and Columbine joined the crowd around the stage. At last the play began. Columbine's heart beat fast, for there, on the stage, appeared a twinkling little maid who was the image of herself. And there was

Harlequin, yes, there was Pierrot, too! The play told how much Pierrot had loved his Columbine, and how Columbine had deserted him to play all day with Harlequin. The Columbine and Harlequin were only an actor and actress, but, when Pierrot began to sing—ah! Columbine knew the truth! That was Pierrot, himself!

He sang of the loneliness of the world, the sadness in his heart, and his longing for Columbine. He sang till Columbine wept. Yes, Pierrot was the poet who had written the play! When the play was over, Columbine held out her hands, Pierrot sprang from the stage, and Columbine asked his forgiveness. In her joy at seeing him again, she forgot all about Harlequin and, hand in hand with Pierrot, she ran off into the meadows.

When Pierrot and Columbine came back to Pantaloon's shop, they made it into a flower shop. They turned out the onions and turnips, the lettuces and garlic, and filled it full of flowers.

Pantaloon grumbled and stormed, but, when he knew that Columbine had chosen Pierrot to be her companion forever, he was quite content. He preached no more to her but to the clown and his little pet pig.

The Six Swans

A German Fairy Tale

Once upon a time a King went a-hunting in a great wood, and he pursued a wild boar so eagerly that none of his people could follow him. Never once did he stop to look about him until nightfall, and then he found he had quite lost his way. As he was searching for a path, he suddenly saw before him an ugly old woman, and she was a witch, though the King did not know it.

"Good dame," said the King, "can you show me the way out of the wood?"

"Oh, yes, my lord King," she answered, "but on one condition, and if you do not fulfill it, you shall never get home again."

"What is the condition?" asked the King.

"I have a daughter," said the old dame, "as fair as any in the world, and if you will promise to make her your Queen, then and then only will I lead you safely out of the forest."

Well, the King was in such a fix, he knew not what else to do, so he consented, and the old witch led him straight off to her hut. There sat her daughter by the fire, but though she was very beautiful, she did not please the King. He could not even look at her without an inward shudder. Nevertheless, as he had promised, he took her before him on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and soon he was safely back in his castle.

Now the King had been married before and already had seven beautiful children whom he loved better than all the world, but he knew well enough that this strange new Queen would be only too likely to do them some mischief; so he took them secretly and hid them away in a lonely castle deep in the midst of a wood. The road to this place was so hard to find, that the King himself would never have found it, had it not been for a certain clew of yarn that unrolled itself when he threw it down before him and showed him the way through the forest.

Now the King went so often to see his dear children that the Queen was displeased at his absence. She grew curious and wanted to know why he so often went out alone. So she gave herself no rest until she discovered the secret of the clew. Then she made some little white shirts and sewed in each one a charm she had learned from her mother, and when the King next rode a-hunting, she took the little shirts and the ball of yarn and went off into the wood. Sure enough, the yarn showed her the way, and there she came to the hidden castle. When the children saw some one in the distance coming toward them, they thought it was their dear father and ran, jumping for joy, to meet him. But the wicked witch threw over each as he drew near, one of the little shirts, and immediately they were no longer youths, but changed into swans, that mounted up into the air and flew, soaring over the tree-tops. Then the Queen went home laughing hideously to think she was rid of the troublesome children.

But it happened that the little maid had not run out with her brothers, so the Queen knew nothing at all about her. She had seen what had happened from the window, and all day long she went sorrowfully about, picking up the feathers that had dropped from her brothers' wings in the courtyard. But when night came on, she said to herself, "I must stay here no longer. I shall go and seek for my brothers."

So she fled away farther still into the wood. She went on all that night and the next day until she could go no longer for weariness. At last she saw a rude hut before her. In she went and found there a room with six little beds, and six chairs, and six plates and knives on the table. So she guessed that this might be the place where her brothers were staying, and she crept under one of the beds to wait and see what would happen.

When it was near the time of sun-setting, she heard a rustling sound and behold! six handsome white swans came flying in at

the window. They alighted on the ground and blew at one another until they had blown all their feathers off; then they stripped off their swan-skins as though they had been shirts. The maiden knew them at once for her brothers and crept gladly from under the bed. The brothers, too, were overjoyed to see their sister, but even as they embraced her, they cried:

"Alas! we can only stay with you one little quarter of an hour. For that length of time every evening we keep our human shapes, but after that we are changed again into swans."

"Can nothing be done to free you?" cried their sister, weeping.

"Oh, no!" they replied. "The work would be too hard for you. For six whole years you would be obliged never to speak or laugh, and you would have, during that time, to spin, weave

and make six shirts out of aster-down. If you were to let fall a single word before the work was ended, all would be lost."

Just as the brothers finished speaking, the quarter of an hour came to an end, they changed into swans and flew out of the window. At this, the maiden made up her mind on the spot to set her brothers free, no matter what it might cost her. So she went out into the wood and began gathering down from the asters. Every day she spent in the house of her brothers; she kept the beds white and clean; she fetched the wood and the vegetables; she watched the pot on the fire and always had supper ready when they came home. For a quarter of an hour each evening they would be her brothers, then off they must fly again as white swans. But, though she made them so comfortable, the Princess never spoke a word to them or laughed one little laugh. By moonlight and starlight she was always out gathering down. No matter how lonely seemed the dark forest, nor how black the shadows, she was always gathering down.

When she had been going on like this for a long, long time, it happened that the King of that country went a-hunting in the wood. He got separated from his companions and was wandering about at nightfall all alone, when whom should he see sitting up in a tree and carding her down, but a beautiful maiden.

"Who art thou?" asked the King, struck with her loveliness

She answered him not a word.

"What art thou doing up in that tree?"

She answered him not a word. He spoke to her in all the languages he knew, but still she answered him never a word. The King, however, felt a very great love for her rise in his breast, so he climbed the tree, brought her down, cast his mantel about her, set her up on the horse before him, and started off toward the castle. But the maiden wrung her hands and pointed back to her bags full of aster-down. So the King, seeing she wished

to have them with her, returned and got them, put them also up on his horse and galloped away once more.

When they reached the castle, the King caused the maiden to be clad in rich garments, and her beauty shone as bright as the morning, but still not a single word would she utter. Her modesty and gentleness so pleased the King that he chose her for his wife and would have no other in all the world. Accordingly, they were married. But it happened that there dwelt with the King as head of his household, a wicked old dame, who wanted no handsome new queen in the castle to take the management out of her hands, so she began at once to speak ill of her.

"Who knows where the maid can have come from?" she said, "and dumb as a door-post, too! She is probably some beggar maid who has stolen the heart of the King!"

To all this evil-speaking the Queen made no answer whatever. No matter how cruel or untrue the words of the old woman were, she never once opened her lips. Sometimes the King begged her to speak with loving words and endearments, but, though her heart longed to reply, she answered never a word. Always she was spinning and weaving her aster-down, cutting and making her shirts.

Year after year went by, till at last the old woman began to whisper and tell abroad that the sweet young queen was a witch who had cast a spell over the King. Now the people could not understand the silent Queen who was always at work and would speak no word, nor stop to join in their festivities, so at last, aroused by the wicked old dame, they went to the King in a mass, proclaimed her a witch and demanded that she be burnt at the stake. Then the King was so sad that there was no end to his sadness, for he still loved his wife very dearly, but the Queen never spoke a word to save herself, so the people seized her out of the castle and dragged her off to the stake.

Now when all this happened, it was the very last day of the six years during which she had neither spoken nor laughed in order to free her brothers. The six shirts were ready, all except one that wanted a sleeve. When she was dragged to the stake, the Queen carried the six shirts on her arm, but just as she mounted the pile of fagots, and the fire was about to be kindled, she cried out aloud, for there, through the air flying toward her, came six beautiful snow-white swans. With rushing wings they flew and dropped in a circle about her. Quickly she threw the shirts over their heads. Then off dropped their swan skins and her brothers stood safe and sound before her. Only, as one shirt wanted the left sleeve, her youngest brother had a swan's wing instead of a left arm. While the King looked on in astonishment, the brothers and sister embraced and kissed each other. Then the Queen went up to the King and said:

"Dearest husband, now I may dare to speak and tell you I am innocent!" So she told all her tale and the King was overjoyed, while the people fell at her feet and begged her forgiveness. As to the old dame, when the Queen sent for her dearly loved father to visit her at her court, it soon appeared that she was the very same wicked old witch who had forced the Queen's father to marry her daughter, and taught the daughter the charm by means of which she had turned the young princes into swans, so she and her daughter were both cast on the fire and that was the end of the witches. But the King and Queen lived many years in great peace and joy with their father and six good brothers.

THE ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN

LA FONTAINE

God's works are good. To prove this truth
I need not search the world, forsooth!
I do it by the nearest Pumpkin!

"Fie! fruit so large on vine so small!"
Exclaimed one day a wise young bumpkin!
"What could He mean who made us all?
This Pumpkin here is out of place.

If I had ordered in this case,
Upon that oak it should have hung—
A noble fruit as ever swung
To grace a tree so firm and strong.

Indeed there's been a great mistake!
Had my opinion but been sought,
When God set out the world to make,
All things had then been as they ought!
All things had then in order come!
This Acorn for example,
No bigger than my thumb,
Had not disgraced a tree so ample.

The more I think, the more I wonder!
The Pumpkin on the oak should grow,
The Acorn on the vine below;
God surely made an awful blunder!"

With such reflections proudly fraught,
Our Sage grew tired of mighty thought,
And threw himself on Nature's lap,
Beneath an oak, to take a nap.

It chanced that during his repose,
An Acorn fell plump on his nose!
He wakened with a mighty start;
He shrieked and seized the injured part!

"Oh! Oh! alas! I bleed! I bleed!
This Acorn 'twas that did the deed!
I see that God had reasons good,
And all His works were understood,
For, truly, what had been my woes,
Had, then, a Pumpkin whacked my nose!"
Thus home he went in humbler mood!

The Golden Bird

A German Fairy Tale

IN the olden time there was a king, who had behind his palace a beautiful pleasure garden in which there was a tree that bore golden apples. One day when the apples were getting ripe, they were counted, but on the very next morning one was missing. This was told to the King and he ordered that a watch should be kept every night beneath the tree.

The King had three sons, the eldest of whom he sent as soon as night came on, into the garden; but when it was about midnight he could not keep himself from sleeping, and next morning again an apple was gone.

The following night the second son had to keep watch. It fared no better with him; as soon as twelve o'clock had struck he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was gone.

Now it came to the turn of the third son to watch; and he was quite ready. The King had not much trust in him and thought that he would be of less use even than his brothers, but at last he let him go. The youth lay down beneath the tree, but kept awake and did not let sleep master him. When it struck twelve, he was still at his post watching. Then something rustled through the air, and in the moonlight he saw a bird coming whose feathers were all shining with gold. The bird alighted on the tree, and had just plucked off an apple, when the youth shot an arrow at him. The bird flew off, but the arrow had struck his plumage and one of his golden feathers fell down. The youth picked it up and the next morning took it to the King and told him what he had seen in the night. The King declared at once:

"The rascal that carries off my apples is none other than the beautiful Golden Bird that was stolen long ago from my garden. He must be found and restored to me."

So the eldest son set out. He trusted to his own cleverness and thought he would easily find the Golden Bird. When he had gone some distance he saw a Fox sitting at the edge of a wood. So he cocked his gun and took aim at him.

"Do not shoot me," cried the Fox, "and in return I will give you some good counsel. You are on the way to find the Golden Bird; this evening you will come to a village in which stand two inns opposite to one another. One of them is lighted up brightly and all goes on merrily within, but do not go into it; go rather into the other, even though it seems a very plain one."

"How should such a silly beast give advice to a wise fellow like me?" thought the King's son, and he pulled the trigger. But he missed the Fox, who stretched out his tail and ran quickly into the wood.

So the King's son pursued his way, and by evening came to the village where the two inns were; in one all the lights were lit, and there was singing and dancing, but the other had a poor, plain, dingy look.

"I should be a fool indeed," he thought, "if I were to go into the shabby tavern and pass by the good one." So he went into the cheerful inn, lived there in pleasure and revelling and forgot the bird and his father and all good counsel.

When some months had passed and the eldest did not come back home, the second son set out to find the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as he had met the eldest and gave him the same good advice. But the second brother likewise paid no heed to his counsel. He came to the two inns; and his brother was standing at the window of the one from which came the music, and called out to him. He could not resist, but went inside, lived only for pleasure and forgot the bird and all good counsel.

Again months passed and then the King's youngest son wanted to set off to find the bird. For some time his father would not

allow it. "How should such a young know-nothing find the bird when his elder brothers have failed?" said he. But at last, as the lad gave him no peace, he let him go. Again the Fox was sitting outside the wood and offered his advice. Now the youngest son was good natured and modest, and willing to take good counsel, so he said to the Fox:

"Be easy, little Fox, I will do you no harm, but will follow your advice."

"You shall not repent it," answered the Fox. "And that you may get on more quickly, get up behind on my tail." Scarcely had the King's son seated himself when the Fox began to run, and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village the youth got off. He followed the good advice, and without looking around turned into the little inn, where he spent the night quietly.

The next morning, as soon as he got into the open country, there sat the Fox already and said, "I will tell you further what you have to do. Go on straight ahead and at last you will come to the castle where lives the King who has your father's bird. In front of the castle lies a whole regiment of soldiers but do not trouble yourself about them, for they will all be asleep and snoring. Go straight through the midst of them into the castle, and go through all the rooms till at last you will come to a chamber where the Golden Bird hangs in a plain wooden cage. Close by, there stands an empty gold cage which is very splendid. But that cage is all for show. Beware of taking the bird out of the plain cage and putting it into the fine one or it may go badly with you." With these words, the Fox again stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it and away and away

he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind.

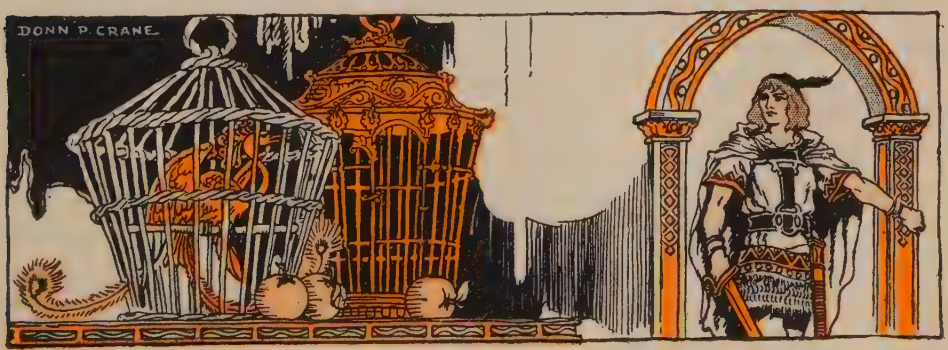
When he came to the castle, he found everything as the Fox had said. Through the midst of the snoring soldiers he made his way, and so on into the chamber where stood the Golden Bird. He was shut up in a wooden cage with the golden apples lying near. Hard by, stood the splendid golden cage, and as the King's son looked at it, he thought:

"It would be absurd if I were to leave the beautiful bird in the common and ugly cage." So he opened the door, laid hold of the bird and put it into the golden cage. At the same moment the bird uttered a shrill cry, the soldiers awoke, rushed in and dragged the youth off to prison. The next morning he was taken before a court of justice and sentenced to death.

The King of the country, however, said that he would grant him his life on one condition—namely, if he brought him the Golden Horse which ran faster than the wind. And in that case he should receive, over and above, as a reward, the Golden Bird.

The King's son set off but he sighed and was very sorrowful, for how was he ever to find the Golden Horse? All at once, he saw his old friend, the Fox, sitting in the middle of the road.

"Look you," said the Fox, "this has happened because you did not give heed to me, but be of good courage, I will give you my help again, and tell you how to get to the Golden Horse.



At this, the King's son rejoiced and promised once more to obey him.

"You must go straight on," said the Fox, "and you will come to a castle where in the stable, stands the horse. The grooms will be lying in front of the stable but they will be asleep and snoring, and you can quietly lead out the Golden Horse. Of one thing only you must take heed; put on him the common saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one, which hangs close by, else it will go ill with you."

Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind.

Everything happened just as the Fox had said; the prince came to the stable in which the Golden Horse was standing, but just as he was going to put the plain saddle upon him, he thought:

"It will be a shame to such a beautiful beast, if I do not give him the splendid saddle which belongs to him by right." So he flung the golden saddle over the horse's back. Scarcely had he done so when the horse began to neigh loudly. The grooms awoke, seized the youth and threw him into prison. The next morning he was sentenced by the court to death, but the King promised to grant him his life and the Golden Horse as well, if he would bring back the Beautiful Princess from the Golden Castle.

"The Beautiful Princess," he said, "is my promised bride, but her guardian keeps her forcibly from me."

With a heavy heart the youth set out, yet soon he found the trusty Fox.

"I ought only to leave you to the consequences of your own disobedience," said the Fox, "but I pity you and will help you once more out of your trouble. This road takes you straight to the Golden Castle. You will reach it by eventide; and at night when everything is quiet, the Beautiful Princess goes from the

castle to the bathing house in the castle yard. When she enters it run up to her and give her a kiss, then she will wish to follow you and you can take her away with you. Only remember this, do not allow her to take leave of anyone in the castle."

Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it and away the Fox went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he reached the Golden Castle, it was just as the Fox had said. He waited until midnight when everything lay in deep sleep, and the Beautiful Princess was going to the bathing house. Then he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She said at once that she would like to go with him, but she asked him pitifully and with tears to allow her to take leave of the King, her guardian. At first he withstood her request, but when she begged more and more earnestly and fell at his feet, he at last gave in. No sooner had the maiden reached the bedside of the King, than he and all the rest of the castle awoke, and the youth was laid hold of and cast into prison.

"You may only have the Beautiful Princess if you take away the hill which shuts off the view from my windows," said the King, "and you must finish your work within eight days."

The King's son began and dug and shovelled without leaving off, but after seven days he saw how little he had done, so he fell into great sorrow and gave up all hope. On the evening of the seventh day, however, the Fox appeared and said:

"You do not deserve that I should take any more trouble about you, nevertheless you have faithfully tried to fulfill your task, so lie down to sleep, I will finish it for you."

The next morning when the King's son awoke and looked out of the window the hill was gone. Full of joy, he ran to the King and told him the task was performed, and whether he liked it or not, the King had to keep his promise and give up the Princess.

So the King's son and the Princess set forth together, and it was not long before the trusty Fox came up with them. Then the King's son told the Princess how he was taking her to be the bride of the King who had the Golden Horse. But the Beautiful Princess wept and said it was not true she was promised to him and she did not wish to be his bride. All she wanted was to go home with the King's son. Besides, the Golden Horse did not belong to the wicked old King at all. It was her own and he had stolen it from her. So the good Fox said to the King's son:

"If the Beautiful Princess chooses you, yours she must be. Go now and recover for her her Golden Horse."

"But how may I get the Horse and keep the Princess if I go, one man as I am, to that rascally King who has a castle full of soldiers?" asked the King's son.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox. "First take the beautiful Maiden to the King. Thinking he has her at last in his power, he will rejoice and gladly have her Golden Horse led forth to exchange. Mount it as soon as possible, then take the Princess by the hand, swing her up on to the horse before you and gallop swiftly away. No one will be able to bring you back."

All was brought to pass successfully, and the King's son in spite of all the soldiers about, carried off the Beautiful Princess on the Golden Horse.

The Fox did not remain behind and he said to the youth, "Now I will help you to recover your father's Golden Bird. When you come near the castle where the Golden Bird is to be found, let the Maiden down and I will take her into my care. Then ride with the Golden Horse boldly into the castle yard. When the Golden Bird is brought forth, seize the cage in your hand and gallop away to us like the wind."

Well, this plan succeeded, too, and the King's son was about to ride home with all his wonderful treasures, when the Fox said:

"Now you are returning home with good success, yet before I leave you, I will give you still one more piece of advice. Be careful about two things. Do not beg off any thief or other malefactor from his punishment and do not sit at the edge of any well." And then he ran off into the wood.

So the Prince rode on with the beautiful maiden and his road

took him again through the village in which his two brothers had remained. There was a great stir and noise there and when he asked what was going on, he was told that two men were going to be hanged for their many evil deeds. As he came nearer to the place he saw that the two men were his two brothers, who had been playing all kinds of wicked pranks in the neighborhood. At once he began to think that he should like to get his brothers off from their punishment, and he inquired whether there was any way by which he could set them free. "If you will pay for them they may go free," answered the people. "But why should you waste your money on setting free wicked men when they have by no means repented the evil they have done?" But the King's son did not think twice about it. He paid for his brothers and when they were set free, they all went on their way together. Soon they came to the wood where the Fox had first met them. The sun shone hotly outside, but within the wood it was cool and pleasant, so the two brothers said:

"Let us rest a little here by the well and eat and drink." The Prince agreed and forgetting once more the Fox's counsel, he sat down upon the edge of the well. At once the two brothers threw him backward into the well. Then they took the maiden, the horse, and the bird, and went home to their father.

"Here we bring you not only the Golden Bird," said they, "we have won the Golden Horse also, and the maiden from the Golden Castle." And they threatened the Princess with death if she told the truth. So the King believed their tale and rejoiced greatly, but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the Maiden sat and wept.

Meantime it happened that the well into which they had cast the younger brother was dry and he fell upon soft moss without being hurt at all, but he could not get out again. Now even in this strait the faithful Fox did not leave him. It came

bounding along, leapt straight down to him in the pit, and said:

"Once again by your disobedience you have forfeited all right to my help, yet I cannot leave you altogether. I will give you one more chance to follow my advice and even at this late day if you are obedient, you may still be happy. Your brothers have surrounded the wood with watchers who are to kill you if you are ever able to get out of this well. So you must change clothes with the man who is cutting wood up above by the roadside, then none will recognize you and you will pass safely by the men your brothers have set to catch you. But mind you wear the poor clothes you will get from the woodcutter, and do not exchange them for fine ones till you are safe in your father's presence."

Then the Fox bade the Prince grasp his tail and keep tight hold of it, and so he pulled him up out of the well. There the youth exchanged his good clothes for the ragged ones of the woodcutter and in this way he arrived safely at his father's castle. Now he would have liked to exchange his poor clothes for fine ones before he came into the presence of his father and the beautiful Maiden, but this time he remembered the Fox's wise counsel and obeyed him. Thus no man knew who he was and the elder brothers never even dreamed that he was in the castle, but all of a sudden the bird began to sing, the horse began to eat and the beautiful Maiden left off weeping.

"I am so happy," she said, "I feel as if my true bridegroom had come." And she grew so full of courage, withal, that she told the King the whole story of what the elder brothers had done.

At once the King commanded that all people who were in his castle should be brought before him, and amongst them came the youth in his ragged clothes. But the Maiden knew him at once and fell upon his neck. So the wicked brothers were beaten out of the Kingdom, but the Prince married the Princess, the Fox was ever their friend, and nothing was wanting to their happiness.

The Winter's Tale

*From Tales from Shakespeare**

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

LEONTES, king of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived in the greatest harmony together. So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady, that he had no wish ungratified, except that he sometimes desired to see again and to present to his queen his old companion and schoolfellow, Polixenes, king of Bohemia. Leontes and Polixenes were brought up together from their infancy, but, being by the death of their fathers called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters, and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court to make his friend Leontes a visit.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the queen's particular attention and seemed, in the presence of his dear friend and old companion, to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times. Their schooldays and their youthful pranks were remembered and recounted to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good queen's sorrow, for Polixenes, refusing to stay at the request of Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honourable principles of his friend Polixenes as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy.

**Tales from Shakespeare* by the brother and sister, Charles and Mary Lamb, were written in 1807, soon after Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, when writers for children began to be interested in good stories rather than moralizing.

Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate king's jealousy; and, from being a loving and a true friend and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and inhuman monster. Sending for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and telling him of the suspicion he entertained, he commanded him to poison Polixenes.

Camillo was a good man; and he, well-knowing that the jealousy of Leontes had not the slightest foundation in truth, instead of poisoning Polixenes acquainted him with the king's orders, and agreed to escape with him out of the Sicilian dominions. Polixenes, with the assistance of Camillo, arrived safe in his own kingdom of Bohemia, where Camillo lived from that time in the king's court and became the chief friend and favourite of Polixenes.

The flight of Polixenes enraged the jealous Leontes still more. He went to the queen's apartment where the good lady was sitting with her little son Mamillus, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king entered and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison. Mamillus, though but a very young child, loved his mother tenderly, and, when he saw her so dishonoured and found she was taken from him to be put into prison, took it deeply to heart and drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him.

The king, when he had sent his queen to prison, commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords, to go to Delphos, there to inquire of the oracle at the temple of Apollo if his queen had been unfaithful.

When Hermione had been a short time in prison, she was brought to bed of a daughter, and the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby. She said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent as you are."

Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord; and, when the lady Paulina heard her royal mistress was brought to bed, she went to the prison where Hermione was confined. She said to Emilia, a lady who attended upon Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen if her majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the king, its father. We do not know how he may soften at the sight of his innocent child."

"Most worthy madam," replied Emilia, "I will acquaint the queen with your noble offer. She was wishing today that she had any friend who would venture to present the child to the king."

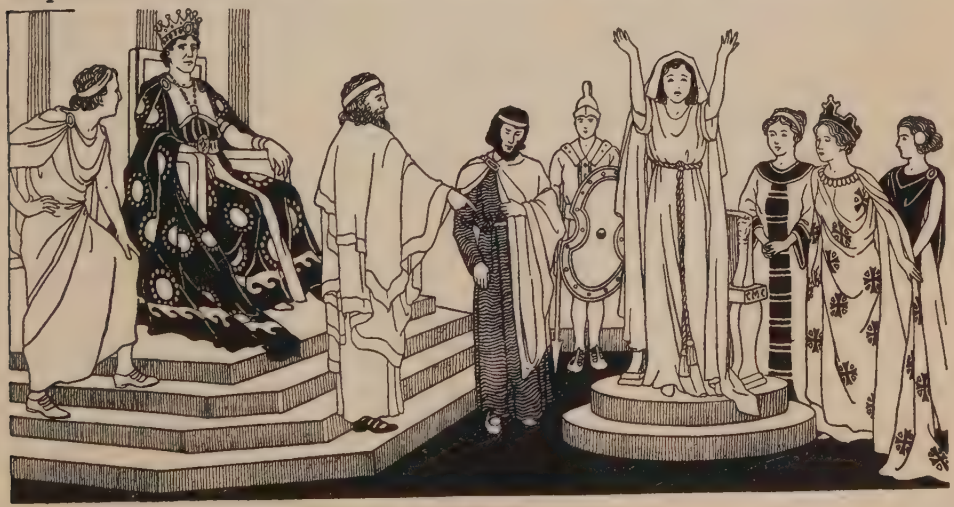
"And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defence."

"May you be forever blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gracious queen!" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father. Paulina took the new-born infant and forcing herself into the king's presence, notwithstanding her husband, fearing the king's anger, endeavoured to prevent her, she laid the babe at its father's feet. Paulina made a noble speech to the king in defence of Hermione;

and she reproached him severely for his inhumanity and implored him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child. But Paulina's spirited remonstrances only aggravated Leontes' displeasure, and he ordered her husband, Antigonus, to take her from his presence. When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking when he was alone with it, he would look upon it and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken; for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child and carry it out to sea and leave it upon some desert shore to perish. Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes. He immediately carried the child on shipboard and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos. But, before the queen was recovered from her lying-in and from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court.



When all the great lords, the judges, and all the nobility of the land were assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly and presented to the king the answer of the oracle, sealed up. Leontes commanded the seal to be broken and the words of the oracle to be read aloud. These were the words:—"Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found." The king would give no credit to the words of the oracle. He said it was falsehood invented by the queen's friends, and he desired the judge to proceed with the trial. But while Leontes was speaking, a man entered and told him that the Prince Mamillus, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, had suddenly died. Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear, affectionate child, fainted; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen. He ordered Paulina and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned and told the king that Hermione was dead.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, he repented of his cruelty to her; and now that he thought his ill-usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent. Now he thought the words of the oracle were true, as he knew "if that which was lost was not found," which he concluded was his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young Prince Mamillus being dead. He would now give his kingdom to recover his lost daughter: and Leontes gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and repentant grief.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom of the good King Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed and here he left the little baby.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for, as he was going back to the ship, a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle with the name of Perdita written thereon—words obscurely intimating her high birth and untoward fate. This poor, deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed her tenderly. But poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found. Therefore, he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches; and, with part of Perdita's jewels, he bought herds of sheep and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little Perdita grew up a lovely maiden. Though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behavior would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling, he saw the old man's supposed daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of Perdita caused him to fall instantly in love with her. He soon, under the name of Doricles and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visitor at the old shepherd's house.

Florizel's frequent absences from court alarmed Polixenes. Setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter. Polixenes then called for Camillo, the faithful Camillo who had preserved his life from the fury of

Leontes, and he desired that Camillo would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, who was the supposed father of Perdita.

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing. And, though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to come in and join in the general festivity. Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward. Tables were spread and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribands, gloves, and such toys of a peddler.

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other than desirous of engaging in the sports of those around them. The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him. He, therefore, advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes. He said to Camillo, "This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw. Nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "Indeed, she is the *queen* of curds and cream."

"Pray, my good friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?"

"They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter; and, to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which loves the other best. If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of," meaning the remainder of Perdita's jewels, which, after he had bought herds of sheep, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion.

Polixenes then addressed his son. "How now, young man!"

said he, "your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the peddler go and have bought your lass no toy."

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to his father, replied: "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then turning to Perdita, he said, "O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess." Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, "I pray you, mark our contract."

"Mark your divorce, young sir," said the king, discovering himself. Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, calling Perdita "shepherd's-brat," "sheep-hook," and other disrespectful names, and threatening if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her and the old shepherd, her father, to a cruel death.

The king then left them in great wrath and ordered Camillo to follow him with Prince Florizel. When the king had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was roused by Polixenes' reproaches, said: "Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid. Once or twice I was about to speak and tell him plainly that the selfsame sun which shines upon his palace hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike." Then sorrowfully she said, "But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no further. Leave me, sir; I will go milk my ewes and weep."

The kind-hearted Camillo was charged with the spirit and propriety of Perdita's behavior; and, perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers and, at the same time, execute a favourite scheme he had in mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the king of Sicily, was

become a true penitent; and, though Camillo was now the favoured friend of King Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his late royal master and his native home. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita, that they should accompany him to the Sicilian court where he would engage Leontes should protect them, till, through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes and his consent to their marriage.

To this proposal, they joyfully agreed. Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them. The shepherd took with him the remainder of Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness and gave a cordial welcome to Prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his princess, seemed to engross all Leontes' attention. Perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead queen, Hermione, his grief broke out afresh and he said such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not so cruelly destroyed her. "Then, too," said he to Florizel, "I lost the society and friendship of your brave father, whom I now desire more than life once again to look upon."

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita and that he had lost a daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found Perdita with the manner of her exposure, the jewels, and other tokens of her high birth; from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the king's lost daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina were present when the old shepherd related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstances of Antigonus' death, he having seen the bear seize upon him.

He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child, he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck, and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband. It could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes' own daughter; but oh, the noble struggles of Paulina between sorrow for her husband's death and joy that the oracle was fulfilled, in that the king's heir, his long-lost daughter was found.

When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child made him so sad that he could say nothing for a long time but, "O thy mother, thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful yet distressful scene, with saying to Leontes that she had a statue newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, which was such a perfect resemblance of the queen, that would his majesty be pleased to go to her house and look upon it, he would be almost ready to think it was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went. The king anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione, and Perdita longing to behold what the mother, she never saw, did look like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione that all the king's sorrow was renewed at the sight. For a long time, he had no power to speak or move.

"I like your silence, my liege," said Paulina, "it the more shows your wonder. Is not this statue very like your queen?"

At length the king said, "O thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks."

Paulina replied, "So much the more the carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked had she been living now. But let me draw the curtain, Sire, lest presently you think it moves."

The king then said, "Do not draw the curtain! Would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eye seems to have motion in it. Would you not think her alive?"

"I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina. "You are so transported, you will persuade yourself the statue lives."

"O Paulina," said Leontes, "make me think so twenty years! Methinks there is an air comes from her. What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her."

"Good, my lord, forbear!" said Paulina. "The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; you will stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?"

"No, not these twenty years," said Leontes.

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her matchless mother, now said, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother."

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain, or prepare yourself for more amazement. I can make the statue move indeed, ay, and descend from the pedestal and take you by the hand. But then you will think, which I protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers."

"What you can, make her do!" said the astonished king. "I am content to look upon. What you can, make her speak! I am content to hear, for it is as easy to make her speak as move."

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for the purpose, and, to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from the pedestal and threw its arms around Leontes' neck. The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband and her child, the newly-found Perdita.

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes' neck, and blessed her husband and her child. No wonder! For the statue was indeed Hermione herself—the real, the living queen!

Paulina had falsely reported to the king the death of Hermione, thinking that the only means to preserve her royal mistress' life; and with the good Paulina, Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living till she heard Perdita was found. For, though she had long forgiven the injuries which Leontes had done to her, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter. His dead queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support the excess of his own happiness.

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked Prince Florizel for loving their lowly-seeming daughter; and now they blessed the good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And, as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, King Polixenes himself now entered the palace. When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives here; and, following them with all speed, he happened to arrive just at this, the happiest moment of Leontes' life.

Polixenes took part in the general joy. He forgave his friend Leontes the unjust jealousy he had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent lady lived many years with Leontes and Perdita, the happiest of mothers and of queens.

WHITE HORSES*

HAMISH HENDRY

I saw them plunging through the foam,
  I saw them prancing up the shore—
A thousand horses, row on row,
  And then a thousand more!

In joy they leaped upon the land,
  In joy they fled before the wind,
Prancing and plunging on they raced,
  The huntsman raced behind.

When this old huntsman goes to sleep,
  The horses live beneath the waves;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
  Deep in their sea green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout
  Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
  The great white horses flee!

Today they plunged right through the foam,
  Today they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row,
  And then a thousand more.

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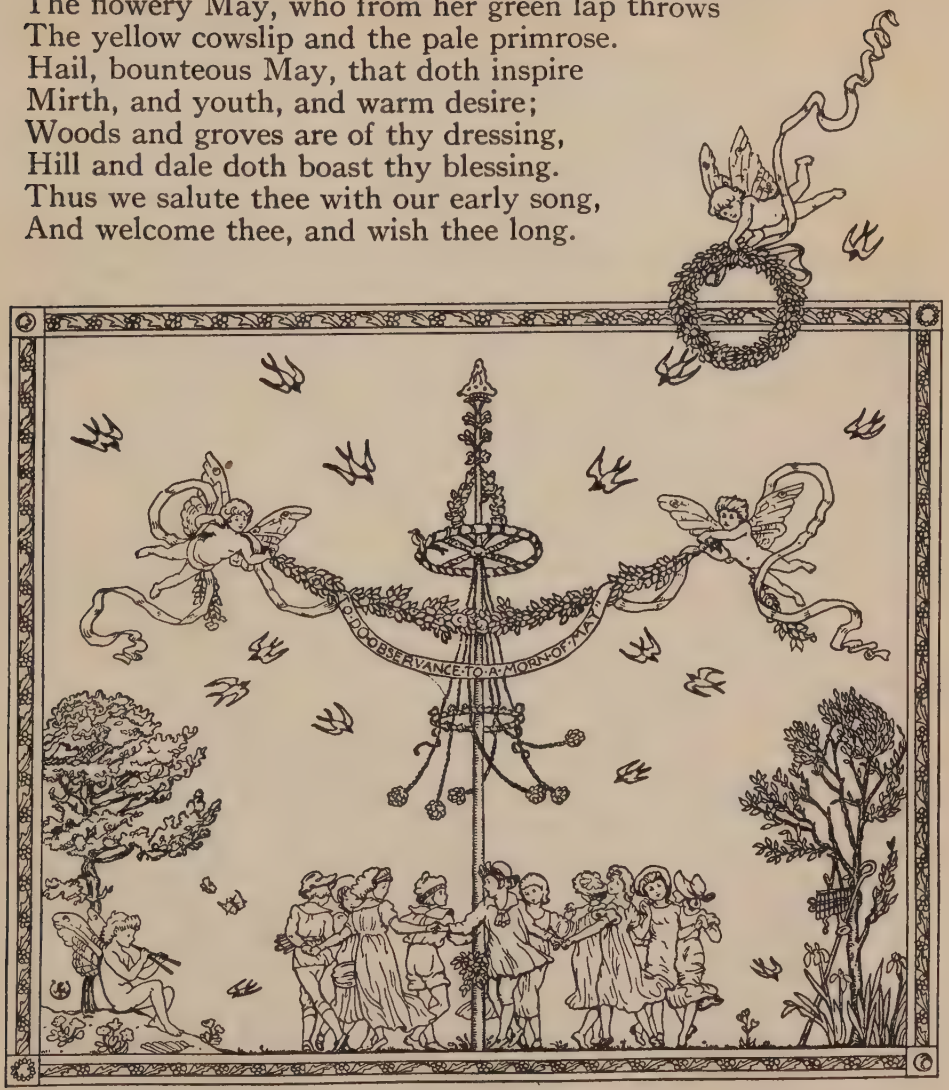
SONG ON MAY MORNING

JOHN MILTON

NOW the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



Many English songs and dances celebrate May. The dance *Green Sleeves*, popular in Elizabethan days, is still danced in England. The modern composer, Percy Grainger, has used English folk music for the theme of *Shepherd's Hey*, *Country Gardens*, *Molly on the Shore*.

The Renowned and World-Famous Adventures of Punch and Judy

"Ladies and gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too.
Stop and hear my merry little play,
If me make you laugh, me need not
make you pay!"

SQUEAK! SQUE-EAK!" Here's old Mr. Punch again, with his great hooked nose and his hooked chin and his peaked cap and his fat stomach and his slender little legs and his smile, smile, smile! Old Mr. Punch and his wife, Judy, and the baby who is always being thrown out of the window, and Toby, the dog, and the hobby horse and all the rest of the well-known, widely travelled and world-famous performers in the puppet show.

There's hardly a corner of the world Punch and Judy haven't visited, and they've been sending men, women, and children into gales of laughter from Boston to Paris, from China to Peru, for nobody knows how many hundreds of years. So you see Punch and Judy are people of renown.

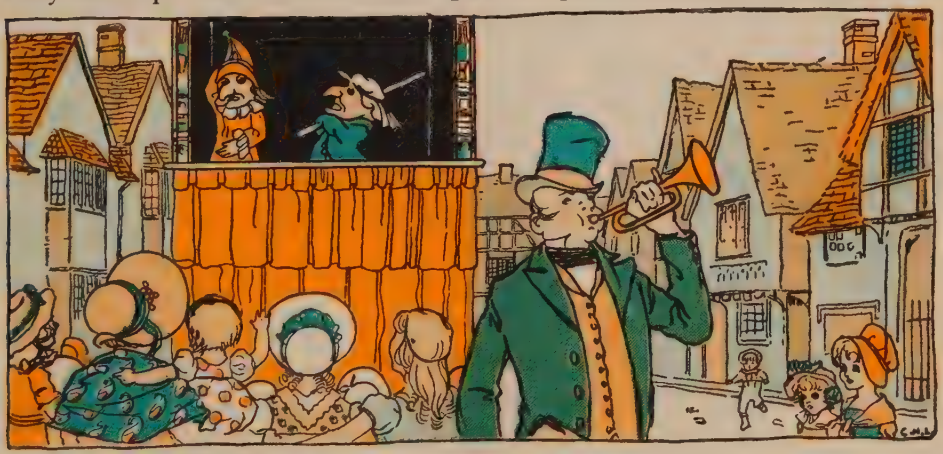
A hundred years ago in any great city of Europe or America, one might have seen set up in some public place, a little movable box of a theatre in which all the actors were wooden dolls—puppets or marionettes, as they are called. Sometimes these puppets were made to move about and go through the action of the play by means of wires attached to their heads; sometimes the man who gave the show stood inside a box below the little stage and wore Punch and Judy on his hands, which were covered from sight by the clothes of the puppets. He would use his thumb and middle finger to move the arms and his forefinger for the head. Then Mr. Punch, and Mrs. Judy, and the baby,

Since many puppet showmen were Italians, the English they used in making the characters talk was often nearly as strange as that of the distinguished foreign gentleman! Each showman made up his own words for the characters to speak but the actual story of the play has been little changed from the beginning.

and the hobby horse, and the distinguished foreign gentleman who couldn't speak English, and the rest would go through their parts with much spirit, while the showman made up the words they were supposed to speak to each other, as the play went on.

Some of the puppet shows in London remained always in one place and were so loved by the people that real actors and singers, at the opera, complained because their play houses were empty while everybody crowded to see the puppet shows. There was even one droll showman who trained a little pig to dance with Mr. Punch and squeak as if he were singing in imitation of one of the great Italian opera singers of the day.

Other puppet shows, instead of remaining always in one place, were carried about, both in town and in the country, on the backs of strolling showmen. These were particularly popular at country fairs, where they drew great crowds of merry, laughter-loving people. One man would carry the theatre itself on his back, and the other the box in which the puppets were packed. The first man would blow a little tin whistle and the second a trumpet to attract people's attention and, wherever they found a crowd gathered together or saw signs of interest, they set up their theatre and gave a performance. As soon as



Mr. Punch showed his ridiculous hooked nose between the curtains and gave the squeak that always announces his appearances, the people began to laugh, and they never left off laughing till the show was over. One of the men would pass about among the on-lookers and collect pennies during the play, and then off they would go to find another crowd.

The puppet shows came to England from Italy, but long, long, before that time, in the year 1000 B. C. or thereabouts, it is said that a puppet show-man gave a performance before the Emperor of China. That august gentleman had never heard of a puppet show and he thought that the dolls must be live men who dared to make faces at him. At last, becoming angry at their grimaces, he ordered all their heads off! The show-man with great difficulty was able to persuade the emperor that the actors were only dolls, whereupon, not only did he escape punishment, but was rewarded for his cleverness by being made official puppet show-man of the Chinese Empire.

Since Mr. Punch first appeared in the world the story about him has been little changed, although it was part of the show-man's business to make up new lines for the characters to speak as the play went on. Mr. Punch has been from the beginning and still is, the most ridiculous, absurd, impossible old rascal and villain in the world! He beats his wife, lays everybody else out with his stick, and flings his baby out the window quite unconcerned about it all, ever smiling, ever dancing and singing, without a pang of sorrow or regret. In the end he comes off victorious and conquers all his enemies without ever once being punished for his sins!

Once a very serious-minded show-man was so disturbed at Punch's always coming off victorious in spite of his evil deeds, that he made bold to change the ending of the play, and have Punch meet his just punishment, but O me! and O my! the

crowd round about wouldn't have it—not at all. They pelted the poor man and his show with mud and drove him away.

So you see we shall have to take Mr. Punch just as he is and for what he is—a joke, not a real man at all, but a delightfully droll and absurd wooden puppet.

This is the Punch and Judy show as it has been given with slight variations for hundreds of years.

As the curtains are drawn back Mr. Punch is heard singing down below the stage,

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs by my si-hi-hide!"

All of a sudden up he pops like a jack-in-the-box, calling for his wife Judy. Instead of Judy, in comes the little dog Toby.

Punch says, "Hello, Toby! Who called you? How you do, Mr. Toby? Hope you very well, Mr. Toby."

"Bow, wow, wow!" says Toby.

"I'm glad to hear it, Toby! What a nice, good dog you are! Good Toby! Good Toby!"

At that Toby snarls, "Arr-rr! Arr-rr!"

"What, Toby, you cross this morning? You get out of bed the wrong way upwards?"

"Arr-rr! Arr-rr," answers Toby.

Punch puts out his hand cautiously to coax the dog. "Good doggie! Good doggie! Be a good doggie and me give you some pail of water and a broomstick for supper!" Toby snaps at his hand. "Toby, you're one bad dog! Get away with you!" and he strikes at the dog with his stick. Just at that moment Mr. Scaramouch, the owner of the dog, rises from below the stage and Biff! he receives the blow intended for Toby on his head.

"Ow-wow!" squeals Mr. Scaramouch, "I shall make you pay for my head, sir!"

"And I shall make you pay for my stick, sir!"

"I haven't broken your stick!"

"And I haven't broken your head!"

"You have, sir!"

"Then it must have been cracked before!"

"Hello," cries Mr. Scaramouch, spying Toby, "why, that's my dog Toby. Toby, old fellow, how are you?" Toby barks.

"He isn't your dog!" cries Punch.

"He is!"

"No, he isn't."

"He is, I tell you! A fortnight ago I lost him."

"And a fortnight ago I found him!"

"We'll soon see whether he belongs to you!" shouts Mr. Scaramouch. "You shall go up to him and say, 'Toby, poor little fellow, how are you?' "

"Very good!" agrees Mr. Punch, and he goes up to Toby, saying, "Toby, poor little fellow, how are you?" Toby snaps at Punch's nose.

"There you see that shows the dog is mine!" yells Scaramouch.

"No!" cries Punch, "it shows he's mine!"

"If he's yours, why does he bite you?"

"He bites me because he likes me!"

"Nonsense!" cries Scaramouch. "We'll soon settle which of us the dog belongs to. We'll fight for him. Now don't you begin till I say 'Time!' "

Punch knocks Mr. Scaramouch down and Scaramouch howls, "That wasn't fair!"

"It was fair!" cries Punch, "I didn't hit till you cried 'Time'."

"I never did!" goes on Mr. Scaramouch. "I only said, 'Don't begin till I say 'Time.' " Punch knocks him down a second time. "There you said it again!"

Scaramouch roars, "Toby, come help your master." The dog springs forward. Seeing this Punch begins to squeal, "No, no! Call off the dog! It isn't fair! You didn't say 'Time!' " Toby barks furiously and seizes Punch by the nose.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" squeaks Punch, "my nose! my poor nose! my pretty little nose, my beautiful nose!" He tries to shake off the dog, but Toby still clings to his nose as he dances wildly around the stage. "Murder! Fire! Thieves! Call off your dog!"

"Very well," says Mr. Scaramouch, "come along, Toby!"

Toby lets go and the two leave the stage.

"I wouldn't have that dog as a gift," says Punch, nursing his nose and calling once again for Judy.

Judy comes in, in a frilled cap, with a hooked nose and hooked chin, just as ugly as Mr. Punch. "Well, what do you want now I've come?" says she.

"Ah," says Punch in a wheedling tone, "what a pretty little creature! Ain't she one beauty? Why, I want to dance with you, my duckie!" They dance. At the conclusion of the dance Punch hits Judy over the head with his stick.

"You villain," cries Judy, "how dare you strike me? Take that!" and she slaps him in the face.

"Ah," says Punch, stroking his cheek, "she is always so playful! Bring me the child, Judy! Bring me the child!"

Judy goes and brings back the baby which she leaves with Punch. He dandles the child in his arms and sings:

"Dancy baby diddy;
What shall daddy do widdy?
Sit on his lap,
Give it some pap;
Dancy, baby, diddy."

"What a pretty baby it is," he croons, "little duck! Never was such a good child!"

The Baby cries, "Mama-a-a-a!"

Punch thumps the child with his stick.

"Go to sleep, my pretty!" he cries.

Baby cries louder, "Mama-a-a-a!"

Punch whacks him harder still, singing, "Hush-a-bye! Hush! Hush! Hush-sh-sh!"

Baby yells "Ya-a-ah!" and catches hold of Punch's nose.

"Murder! Let go!" howls Punch. "Go to your mother, darling,"—and Biff! he throws the baby out the window. Then he sings, smiling and unconcerned:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs by my si-hi-hide!"

At that, in comes Judy.

"Where's the boy?" she cries.

"Why, didn't you catch him?" asks Punch.

"Catch him?" says Judy. "What have you done with him?"

"Oh," cries Punch, "I just threw him out the window! Thought you might be passing and catch him."

"Oh you horrid wretch!" shrieks Judy. "You shall pay for this!" She hurries out, comes back in a moment with a stick, and hits Punch a resounding blow on the head, continuing then to pound him. "I'll teach you to drop my child out the window!"

"Ow-wow," howls Punch. "I'll never do it again!"

"I'll teach you! I'll teach you!"

"Then I be teacher too!" cries Punch. He takes the stick from Judy and knocks her flat with a blow, then he goes on singing:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs by my si-hi-hide."

In comes a policeman brandishing his club.

"Hollo! Hollo! Hollo! Here I am!" cries the policeman.

"Hollo! Hollo! Hollo!" answers Punch. "Here I am too!" and he whacks the policeman over the head!—

"Do you see my club, sir?" shouts the policeman.

"Do you feel my stick, sir?" answers Punch.

"Take your nose out of my face, sir!"

"Take your face out of my nose, sir!"

"Pooh!" cries the policeman.

"Pooh!" answers Punch.

"You have committed a crime, sir," says the policeman, "and I am come to take you up."

"And I am come to knock you down!" retorts Punch. Whack! He lays the policeman flat and goes on singing and dancing as before. Then he gets a great sheep bell and begins to shake it all about the stage. There enters a foreign servant dressed in outlandish livery.

"Mr. Punch," says the servant, "my master he say he no lika de noise."

Punch mimics him, "Your master he say he no lika de noise! What noise?"

"Dat horrid, bad noise! He'll no have more noise near his house!"

"He won't, won't he?" and Punch runs about the stage shaking the bell as loud as before.

"Get away I say wid dat horrid, bad bell," says the servant.

"Do you call that a bell," says Punch, "it's an organ!"

"I say it is a bell, a horrid bad bell!"

"I say it is an organ!" and Punch pounds him with it. "What you say it is now?"

"Ow-wow! Stop! Stop! It is an organ!" cries the servant.

"An organ? I say it is a fiddle!" Punch offers to pound him again.

"It is a fiddle," agrees the servant.

"I say it is a drum," yells Punch.

"It is a drum," agrees the servant.

"I say it is a trumpet," yells Punch.

"Well, so it is a trumpet; but bell, organ, fiddle, drum or trumpet, my master he no lika de music."

"Not like my sweet music?" says Punch. "I'll teach you to like sweet music!" and he pounds the servant about the stage with the bell till he runs away. Then comes in the distinguished foreign gentleman himself, who, being unable to express himself in English, says very solemnly,

"Shallaballah!"

"Why don't you speak English?" asks Punch.

"Shallaballah!" answers the foreign gentleman.

"Then I'll hit you with my stick," says Punch.

"Shallaballah!" says the foreign gentleman.

Punch hits him over the head and he falls to the ground. Then Punch sings as before:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs by my si-hi-hide!"

Suddenly the image of all Mr. Punch's evil deeds in the form of a ghost peeps around a corner of the stage and whispers,

"Booh!" then disappears again.

Punch throws up his arms in alarm and says, "Ah, ah! I didn't do anything! It wasn't me!"

At that, all the people whom Punch has laid out on the stage rise straight up in the air, point their fingers accusingly at him, and float away.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cries Punch, "a horse! My Kingdom for a horse!" Suddenly his hobby horse comes prancing in. Punch tries to mount him in order to run away but the horse rears up and throws him.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" moans Punch, from the ground and then in comes the Hangman. The Hangman says:

"Mr. Punch, you are my prisoner! You have broken the laws of your country!"

"Broken the laws?" whines Punch picking himself up. "I couldn't break 'em. I never touched 'em!"

"I have come to string you up," says the Hangman.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Spare me! I've a wife and sixteen small children! What will they do without me?"

Nevertheless the Hangman produces a rope with a noose at the end, and this he throws over the limb of a tree.

"Come here!" says he.

"I can't," wails Punch. "I've a bone in my leg!"

"Then I must fetch you!" The two struggle and the Hangman takes Punch over to the tree.

"Put your head in here," says the Hangman, showing the noose.

"I don't know how! Show me!" whines Punch.

"Why it's easy! Just like this," says the Hangman. He puts his own head in the noose to show Punch how. Punch quickly pulls the rope and strings up the Hangman. "Oee! Oee!" he squeaks and begins to sing again. At that the ghost rises slowly.

"You are come for," he says in a hollow voice.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! What for?" cries Punch.

"To be carried off for your evil deeds, to the land of Bobbety Shooty."

The ghost approaches, still repeating in his hollow voice, "To be carried off for your evil deeds, to be carried off. To be carried off."

"That for my evil deeds," cries Punch. He hits the ghost himself on the head and biff! that's the end of the ghost. Then he jumps on his hobby horse and rides away, singing:

"Right tol de rol, it serves him right,
Now all my foes are put to flight,
Ladies and gentlemen all, good night,
To the freaks of Punch and Judy!"

THE PEDDLER'S SONG*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-O?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head
Of the newest and finest, finest wear-O?

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Crepe as black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses
Masks for faces and for noses,
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber,
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears,
Pins and poking sticks of steel
What maids lack from head to heel,
Come buy of me! Come! Come buy! Come buy!
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry!
Come buy!

*From *A Winter's Tale*, Act IV, Scene iv. See the story of *A Winter's Tale* beginning on page 144.

THE RAGGLE, TAGGLE GYPSIES

'Twas late last night when my lord came home,
  Inquiring for his lady, O.
The servants said on every hand,
  "She's gone with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

Oh, he rode high and he rode low,
  He rode through woods and copses, O,
Until he came to an open field,
  And there he espied his lady, O.

"What makes you leave your house and lands?
  What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
  To go with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O?"

"What care I for my house and lands?
  What care I for my money, O,
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
  I'm off with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

—Old Folk Song

The Knights of the Silver Shield*

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

THERE was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there.

*From *Why the Chimes Rang*. Copyright used by special permission of The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was pretty old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; the air was full of the noise of armor; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there

was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest. This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of. But when the lord of the castle came to him as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight

on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

Today the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

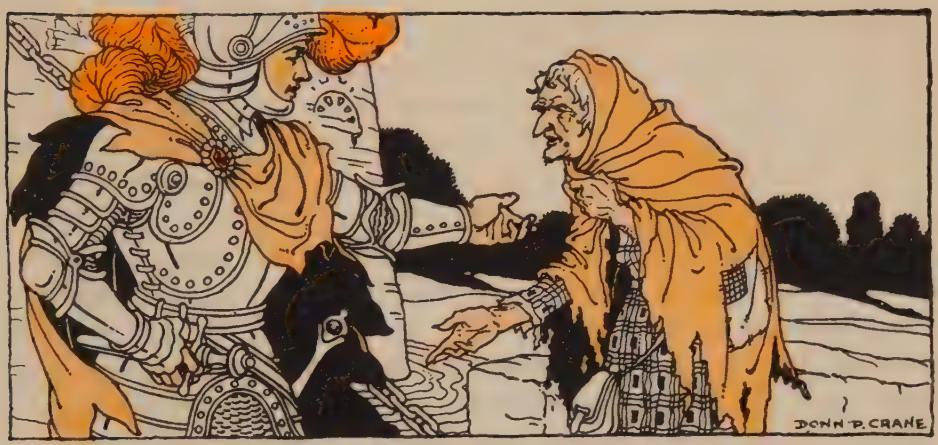
Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to the battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy, but then he remembered what the commander had told him, and he said:

"I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I can not open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."



The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle, and can not leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show him whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long cloak. "Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed today."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight—the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was

speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him, that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward, as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said: "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had

changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty and bloodstained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, and just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

"The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Every one turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the

center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was looking at him so excitedly.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened today at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all today."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

David Copperfield and Little Em'ly*

CHARLES DICKENS

MY good nurse, Peggotty, and I were sitting alone one evening (my mother being out), in company with Peggotty's darning, and the little piece of candle with which she waxed her thread, and the little house with a thatched roof where the yard measure lived, and Peggotty's work box with a view of St. Paul's cathedral painted on the top. I had been reading aloud about crocodiles, when Peggotty, after looking at me several times and opening her mouth as if she were going to speak without doing it—said coaxingly: "Master Davy, how should you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't *that* be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?" I inquired.

"Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. "Then there's the sea; and the boats and ships; and the fishermen; and the beach; and Am to play with—"

Peggotty meant her nephew Ham, but she spoke of him as a morsel of English grammar.

I was flushed by her summary of delights, and replied that it would indeed be a treat, but what would my mother say?

"Why then I'll as good as bet a guinea," said Peggotty, "that she'll let us go. I'll ask her, if you like, as soon as ever she comes home."

"But what's she to do while we're away?" said I, putting my small elbows on the table. "She can't live by herself."

"Oh bless you!" said Peggotty, looking at me again. "Don't you know? She's going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Grayper."

Oh! If that was it, I was quite ready to go. I waited, in the utmost impatience until my mother came home, to ascertain if we could get leave to carry out this great idea. Without being nearly so much surprised as I had expected, my mother entered

*Arranged from *David Copperfield.*

into it readily. It was all arranged that night, and my board and lodging during the visit were to be paid for.

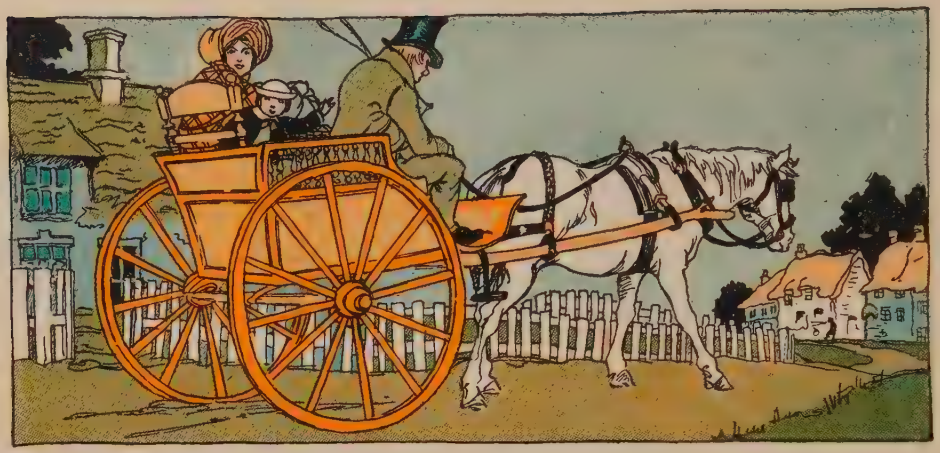
The day soon came for our going. It was such an early day that it came soon, even to me, who was in a fever of expectation, and half afraid that an earthquake or a fiery mountain, or some other great convulsion of nature might interpose to stop the expedition. We were to go in a carrier's cart which departed in the morning after breakfast. I would have given any money to have been allowed to wrap myself up over night, and sleep in my hat and boots.

I am glad to recollect that when the carrier's cart was at the gate, and my mother stood there kissing me, a grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine. I am glad to recollect that when the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. I am glad to dwell upon the earnestness and love with which she lifted up her face to mine and did so.

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that—and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had got a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to



London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed, and I could not have believed unless I had heard her do it, that one woman could have snored so much.

We made so many turns up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. As we drew a little nearer, and saw all the land round about lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

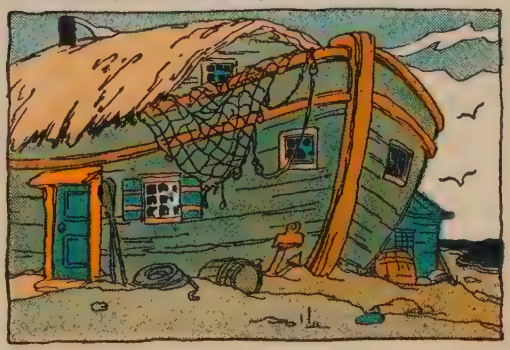
When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me) and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw

the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice, and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great satisfaction, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty, "growed out of knowledge!"

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public-house, and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me. But our friendship was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face, and curly light hair, that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes littered with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, calkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great many of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said, "Yon's our house, Master Davy!"



I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the

river, but no house could I make out. There was a barge, or some other kind of old boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily, but nothing else in the way of a house that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I, "that ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Master Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's Palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely, but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect dwelling.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down, by a Bible, and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects—Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions. Over the little mantelshelf, was a picture of the Sarah Jane Lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not

understand then; and some lockers and boxes, which served for seats, and filled out the shortage of chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold, and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen, in the stern of the vessel. It had a little window where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells; a little bed which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my telling Peggotty of this discovery, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, wonderfully jumbled up together, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little out-house where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtseying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so) with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face, came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt that he was her brother; and so he turned out; being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty.

"Glad to see you, Sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, Sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

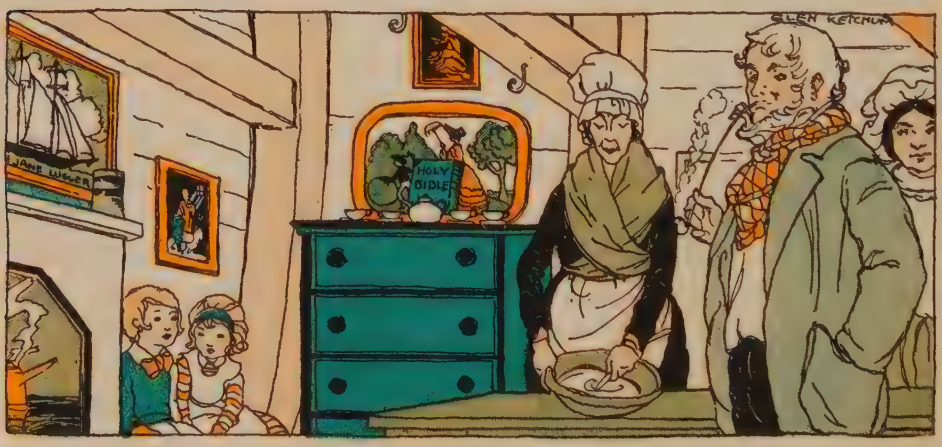
"How's your Ma, Sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish.

"Well, Sir, if you can make out here, fur a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honors of his house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettleful of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance, but so ruddy, that I couldn't help thinking his face had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish;—that it went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now) it seemed to me the most



delicious retreat that could ever be imagined. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle as if they had never known any other roof. Ham was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of Ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No, Sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who did give him that name, then?" said I.

"Why, Sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, Sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it. "—Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bacheldore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point, Peggotty—I mean my own peculiar Peggotty—made such impressive motions to me not to ask any further questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath, was this generosity of his; and if it were ever referred to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one such occasion), and swore a dreadful oath that he would be "gormed" if he didn't cut and run away for good, if it was ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the meaning of this terrible word "to be gormed"; but that they all regarded it as a most solemn oath.

I was very sensible of my entertainer's goodness, and listened to the women's going to bed in another little crib like mine at

the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two hammocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof. As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming on across the flat so fiercely, that I had a lazy apprehension of the great deep rising in the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all, and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if any thing did happen. Nothing happened, however, worse than morning. Almost as soon as it shone upon the oyster shell frame of my mirror, I was out of bed, and out with little Em'ly, picking up stones upon the beach.

"You're quite a sailor, I suppose?" I said to Em'ly. I don't know that I supposed any thing of the kind, but I felt it an act of gallantry to say something.

"No," replied Em'ly, shaking her head. "I'm afraid of the sea."

"Afraid!" I said, with an air of boldness, and looking very big at the mighty ocean. "*I* ain't."

"Ah! but it's cruel," said Em'ly. "I have seen it tear a boat as big as our house, all to pieces."

"I hope it wasn't the boat that—"

"That father was drownded in?" said Em'ly. "No. Not that one, I never see that boat."

"Nor him?" I asked her.

Little Em'ly shook her head. "Not to remember!"

Here was a point of likeness in our two lives! I immediately went into an explanation how I had never seen my own father, and how my mother and I had always lived by ourselves in the happiest state imaginable, and always meant to live so.

"But," said Em'ly, as she looked about for shells and pebbles, "your father was a gentleman and your mother is a lady; and my father was a fisherman, and my mother was a fisherman's daughter, and my uncle Dan is a fisherman."

GLEN KETCHUM

"Dan is Mr. Peggotty, is he?" said I. "He must be very good, I should think?"

"Good?" said Em'ly. "If I was ever to be a lady, I'd give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money."

I said I had no doubt that Mr. Peggotty well-deserved these treasures. I must acknowledge that I felt it difficult to picture him quite at his ease in the raiment proposed for him by his grateful little niece and that I was particularly doubtful about the cocked hat, but I kept these sentiments to myself.

"You would like to be a lady?" I said.

Em'ly looked at me, and laughed, and nodded "yes."

"I should like it very much. We would all be gentlefolks together, then, me, and Uncle, and Ham, and Mrs. Gummidge, and we'd help the poor fishermen with money when they come to any hurt."

This seemed to me to be a very satisfactory picture. I expressed my pleasure in it, and little Em'ly was emboldened to say shyly: "Don't you think you are afraid of the sea, now?"

It was quiet enough to reassure me, but I have no doubt if I had seen a moderately large wave come tumbling in, I should have taken to my heels. However, I said, "No!" and I added, "You don't seem to be, either, though you say you are."—for she was walking much too near the brink of a sort of old jetty or wooden causeway we had strolled upon and I was afraid of her falling over.

"I'm not afraid in this way," said little Em'ly. "But I wake when it blows and tremble to think of Uncle Dan and Ham, and believe I hear 'em crying out for help. But I'm not afraid in this way. Not a bit. Look here!"

She started from my side, and ran along a jagged timber which protruded from the place we stood upon, and overhung the deep water at some height, without the least defence, springing forward to her destruction (as it appeared to me). I uttered a cry, but directly the light, bold, fluttering little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I soon laughed at my fears.

We strolled a long way, and loaded ourselves with things that we thought curious, and put some stranded star-fish carefully back into the water, then made our way home to Mr. Peggotty's dwelling. We stopped under the lee of the lobster out-house to exchange an innocent kiss, and went in to breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

"Like two young mavishes," Mr. Peggotty said. I knew this meant, in our local dialect, like two young thrushes, and received it as a compliment.

Of course I was in love with little Em'ly. My fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child, which made a very angel of her. If, any sunny forenoon, she had spread a little pair of wings and flown away before my eyes, I don't think I should have regarded it as much more than I had had reason to expect. We used to walk about that dim old flat at Yarmouth in a loving manner, hours and hours. The days sported by us, as if Time had not grown up himself yet, but were a child too, and always at play.

We were the admiration of Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty, who used to whisper of an evening when we sat, lovingly, on our little locker side by side, "Lor! wasn't it beautiful!" Mr. Peggotty smiled at us from behind his pipe, and Ham grinned all the evening and did nothing else.

I soon found out that Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do, in consideration of the kindness with which Mr. Peggotty had taken

her in. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her, but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the Dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur'," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and every think goes contrairy with me."

"Oh, it'll soon leave off," said Peggotty—I again mean our Peggotty—"and besides, it's not more disagreeable to you than to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. Gummidge.

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warmest and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it didn't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and of its occasioning what she called "the creeps in her back." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lone lorn creetur' and every think went contrairy with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

So at dinner, when Mrs. Gummidge was always helped immediately after me, to whom the preference was given as a visitor of distinction. The fish were small and bony, and the potatoes were a little burnt. We all acknowledged that we felt this something of a disappointment; but Mrs. Gummidge said she felt it more than we did, and shed tears again.

Accordingly, when Mr. Peggotty came home about nine o'clock, this unfortunate Mrs. Gummidge was knitting in her corner in a very wretched and miserable condition. Peggotty had been working cheerfully. Ham had been patching up a great pair of waterboots, and I, with little Em'ly by my side, had been reading to them. Mrs. Gummidge had never made any other remark than a forlorn sigh, and had never raised her eyes since tea.

"Well, Mates," said Mr. Peggotty, taking his seat, "and how are you?"

We all said something, or looked something, to welcome him, except Mrs. Gummidge, who shook her head over her knitting.

"What's amiss?" said Mr. Peggotty, with a clap of his hands. "Cheer up, old Mawther." (Mr. Peggotty meant old girl.)

Mrs. Gummidge did not appear to be able to cheer up. She took out an old black silk handkerchief and wiped her eyes, but instead of putting it in her pocket, kept it out, and wiped them again, and still kept it out ready for use.

"What's amiss, dame?" said Mr. Peggotty.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Gummidge. "You've come from The Willing Mind, Dan'l?"

"Why yes, I've took a short spell at The Willing Mind tonight," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I'm sorry I should drive you there," said Mrs. Gummidge.

"Drive! I don't want no driving," returned Mr. Peggotty, with an honest laugh. "I only go too ready."

"Very ready," said Mrs. Gummidge, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "Yes, yes, very ready. I am sorry it should be along of me that you're so ready."

"Along o' you. It an't along o' you!" said Mr. Peggotty. "Don't ye believe a bit on it."

"Yes, yes, it is," cried Mrs. Gummidge. "I know what I am. I know that I'm a lone lorn creetur, and not only that every think goes contrairy with me, but that I go contrairy with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortun'."

I really couldn't help thinking as I sat taking in all this, that it was a misfortune for other members of that family besides Mrs. Gummidge. But Mr. Peggotty made no such retort, only answering with another entreaty to Mrs. Gummidge to cheer up.

"I an't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. Gummidge. "I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I wish I didn't feel 'em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em, but I an't. I make the house uncomfortable. I've made your sister so all day, and Master Davy."

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out, "No, you haven't, Mrs. Gummidge," in great mental distress.

"It's far from right that I should do it," said Mrs. Gummidge. "It an't a fit return. I had better go into the Poorhouse and die. I am a lone lorn creetur, and had much better not make myself contrairy here!"

Mrs. Gummidge retired with these words, and betook herself to bed. When she was gone, Mr. Peggotty, who had not exhibited a trace of any feeling but the profoundest sympathy, looked round upon us, and nodding his head with a lively expression of pity still animating his face, said in a whisper: "She's been thinking of the old 'un." I did not quite understand

what Old One Mrs. Gummidge was supposed to have fixed her mind upon, until Peggotty, on seeing me to bed, explained that it was the late Mr. Gummidge, and that her brother always took that for a received truth on such occasions, and that it always had a moving effect upon him. Some time after he was in his hammock that night, I heard him myself repeat to Ham, "Poor thing! She's been thinking of the old 'un!" And whenever Mrs. Gummidge was overcome in a similar manner during the remainder of our stay (which happened some few times) he always said the same thing in explanation of the circumstance, and always with the tenderest pity.

So the fortnight slipped away, varied by nothing but the variation of the tide, which altered Mr. Peggotty's times of going out and coming in, and altered Ham's engagements also. When the latter was unemployed, he sometimes walked with us to show us the boats and ships, and once or twice he took us for a row. I never hear the name, or read the name, of Yarmouth, but I am reminded of a certain Sunday morning on the beach, the bells ringing for church, little Em'ly leaning on my shoulder, Ham lazily dropping stones into the water, and the sun, away at sea, just breaking through the heavy mist, and showing us the ships, like their own shadows.

At last the day came for going home. I bore up against the separation from Mr. Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, but my sorrow at leaving little Em'ly was piercing. We went arm in arm to the public house where the carrier put up, and I promised, on the road, to write to her. (I kept that promise afterwards in letters larger than those in which apartments are usually announced as being to let.) We were greatly overcome at parting, and if ever, in my life, I have had a void made in my heart, I had one made that day.

Gigi and The Magic Ring*

An Italian Fairy Tale

ANNE MACDONELL

"I'll make you rich and happy yet," said Gigi (Jeejee) to his mother. "But first I must go out into the world. Maria, my sister, will take care of you while I am gone; and remember if you hear nothing of me for a time, no news is good news."

So off he went; and soon he had to pass through a town. Do you think he lost sight of poor folks there? Not a bit of it! The very first person he set eyes on was an old woman bending under the weight of a heavy oil jar she was carrying. "I wouldn't let my old grandmother carry that," said Gigi. "Here!" he cried, "give it to me." And he took the jar from her, swung it upon his shoulder, and bore it up the steep street at the top of which she lived, and set it down in her kitchen.

"Thank you, my fine young man," said the old woman, "and may good luck go with you! Will you sit down and rest a while? My place is poor, but you are right welcome."

"I have a long way before me," replied Gigi, "but a seat in your chimney corner for a minute or two I will not refuse." And he sat down and played with the dog and cat that lay before the fire.

"And where are you going, my fine young man?"

"Into the world," he answered.

"A place full of wonders, to be sure, but the road will be a bit lonesome for you. Have you no friend to go along with you?"

"No," replied Gigi.

"Then what do you say to taking my dog and cat? They are wiser than their kind, and their company might hearten you on the road."

*From *The Italian Fairy Book*, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"That would it now," said the young man. "Fine company they would be! Thank you, good mistress."

"Three mouths to feed instead of one, 'tis true," she went on; "and sometimes the tables of the world are poorly spread. But should that happen, I have something here will help you." She went to a cupboard and brought out a ring.

"Take this," she said, "and when you want anything very much, wear it on your finger and turn it about. Then you'll see what you'll see! Never lose it or give it away, or let it be stolen or changed. For then you will be worse off than ever, and the ring might get into bad hands."

"It is too much," said Gigi politely. He knew nothing at all about jewelry and thought it was probably a poor kind of thing; but to accept it seemed like robbing a poor old woman. However, she insisted, and when he bade her good-bye the ring was in his pocket. Soon he had forgotten all about it. The dog and the cat were running along or capering about him in wild glee. When they had left the town miles behind them, the night clouds began to gather, and Gigi looked out for a place to sleep. There were no houses in sight, but there was thick wood.

"We can enter here without rapping at any man's door," said Gigi. So they made the wood their inn and all three snuggled down together and tried to go to sleep. But sleep was impossible to Gigi. He was too hungry.

"This would be the best place in all the world," he said, "if only there was something to eat. I wish—oh, I wish a table could be set before me now, with a fine supper on it." His fingers had been playing with the ring in his pocket. Now he put it on, and he was twisting and turning it about, when all at once his wish came true! It was not too dark but that he could see close by him a table spread with a fine cloth, with dishes, forks, knives and spoons, and hot, smoking roast duck on it, and delicious

fruit, and more things than he had ever had for supper before.

"Oh-h-h!" he said. The dog and the cat sat up, their noses in the air. It wasn't real, of course. It couldn't be. He touched it. It was real. He smelt it. The dog and cat sniffed too and grew excited. He tasted. Oh, now there was no doubt about it! Everything was real—and so good! He ate and he drank, and the dog and cat ate along with him; and they were all three as merry as possible over their banquet in the woods.

"The old woman must have been a fairy," he said to himself. That was a ring indeed she had given him. What should he wish for next? He thought of hundreds of things—gold and silver, fine clothes for himself and his mother and Maria, horses and carriages, guns and swords; but the wishes came tumbling on top of each other, head over heels and all fell in a jumbled heap.

"How stupid I am," said Gigi, "I can't imagine what I wish for most. Well, I've often heard that people lose their heads when good luck comes their way; but I'd like to keep mine on my shoulders." Then he lay down again on the bed of leaves, without wishing for anything, and the dog was at his head and the cat at his feet; and they all fell fast asleep.

He woke next morning early, and was up and astir, with the dog and the cat at his heels; and everything about him shone and sang. There was nothing so fine in all the world as stepping out into the fresh morning world. Was he wishing for horses and carriages? He laughed at the idea. Two good legs and a sapling from the wood where he had slept, were better than the King's state coach. Up hill and down dale, through wood and field, by stream and meadow he went, easily, cheerily, and his two good friends were the best of company.

At last he came to a fine palace built on the roadside; and out of an upper window looked a beautiful maiden, and she smiled as Gigi passed below.

"Oh, I could look at her all day long!" he said. "But she would never speak to a poor boy like me," he sighed. "Oh, I wish—;" and as he said the word, he remembered he could have whatever he wanted in the world. The ring was on his finger on the instant; and he turned it about as he said, "I want a fine mansion, but much finer it must be than the one that lovely girl is looking out of. And I want it just opposite hers."

In a twinkling he stood, no longer in the open road, but in a great palace, more splendid than any he had ever seen; and when he looked out at the window, there was a maiden at the window opposite, and smiling, quite plainly smiling at him. Yet he was still Gigi, in his old clothes with the dust of the road on them; and his dog and his cat were there at his heels. Well, decidedly it was a ring worth having! He wished for fine clothes. They were on his back. For servants. They came at his call. For meat and drink. He did not know the names of all the fine things that were set before him.

"Perhaps she would speak to me now," he said. There was no doubt about that. The very next morning her father and mother came and called on him, and said they wished to make the acquaintance of their new neighbor, who was evidently an eminent gentleman. They could hardly take their eyes off his fine furniture, his fine clothes, and the gold chain he wore about his neck. They flattered him a great deal; and Gigi thought they were very amiable people indeed.

Next day he returned their call, and received a cordial welcome. He was presented to their only daughter, Maliarda, and the two young people quickly made friends. Before the day was over Gigi had asked her hand in marriage, and her parents, who thought he must be at least a great prince, or favored by an enchanter, were only too glad to consent. They thought Gigi would be very useful to them.

Now, on the eve of the wedding-day they all paid a visit to Gigi, and while they talked together, Maliarda asked him to tell her how it came about that his splendid house had sprung up so suddenly. He was the simplest, truthfullest lad in the world; and so he told her all about his journeying into the world, his meeting with the old woman, her present of the ring, and everything that followed. "And do you keep that precious ring always on your finger?" she asked. "Always!" he replied. "Night and day, waking and sleeping."

She whispered the secret to her mother. When they were having supper, the mother poured something from a phial into Gigi's wine while his back was turned, and into the plates of his dog and cat under the table. It was a sleep-drink she had given

them; and soon after Gigi's eyes began to close, and the cat and dog slept and snored.

"Your lord is weary after hunting," said the father to the servant who was waiting. "Carry him to that couch; and we will take our leave." Then he called all the servants together and said, "Come to my house. I have your master's orders to instruct you in your duties tomorrow." And they followed him out of the palace. But Maliarda stayed behind a moment; going up to Gigi, as he lay in a deep sleep, she took the ring from his finger and fled. His dog and cat were too drowsy to warn him.

Once out of the house, she put the ring on her finger, and as she turned it, she said, "I wish that lord Gigi's palace be moved to the highest, steepest, snowiest peak of yonder mountain range!" And on the instant the palace was removed to where she had decreed. Maliarda ran back to her parents' house and told what had happened. They feigned surprise, and turning to the servants, informed them of the vanishing of their master's house, and said, "Your master must have been an evil magician. He has played a cruel trick on you. What an escape our daughter has had!" Then they gave the servants money and dismissed them.

When Gigi awoke next morning he was shivering and shaking. Where was he? In his own palace, though evidently he had not gone to bed. And there were his two friends the dog and the cat. But why was he so cold? He got up, walked to the window, and looked out, expecting to see the palace of his neighbors, and perhaps thinking to catch a glimpse of Maliarda. This was his wedding day! But all familiar things had vanished, and he saw only mountain peaks and snow and sky. What did it mean? He rang the bell violently. No one answered. He called for his valet, for his butler, for his cook, for his coachman. Nobody came. The house was quite still. He searched upstairs and downstairs, and found he was alone in his palace save for

the dog and cat, and on the top of the highest mountain peak. Beneath him could be seen only ice, snow, and terrible precipices!

"Who has done this to me?" he cried. "Have I an enemy? Well, what does it matter? I have only to wish myself down and turn my ring." But his ring was gone! Who was the thief? He tried to recall what had happened. He had been very sleepy at supper time. He did not remember getting up from the table or bidding his guests good-night. And only one person knew the value of the ring—! Oh, could his beautiful Maliarda be a traitor?

Impossible to get down the mountain. There was no path; and if he tried to make one, he would perish in the snow, or roll over into some terrible precipice. And there was not two days' food in all the palace!

Now the dog and the cat were sorely troubled at their master's sadness, and soon they found out the reason of it. "Have patience, dear master," they said. "Where a man dare not walk, we can. Give us a day, and see if we do not get back your ring."

"You are my only hope," answered Gigi. He fed them well, and then opened the door for them. So the dog and cat set off, and they slipped, and slid, and crawled, and hung on, and climbed and sprang, and helped each other, and never stopped till they were down on the green plain. There they came to a river. The cat sat on the dog's back, and the dog swam across.

At last they came to the palace of the faithless Maliarda. By this time it was night, and the household were all in bed and asleep. Of course all doors and windows were barred; but in the back door was a little cat-hole; and they squeezed through one after the other. Then said the cat to the dog, "Stay you here and keep guard. I will go upstairs and see what can be done." She slipped up and went to the door of Maliarda's room. But the door was shut, and there was no little hole to

creep through. The cat sat down and thought and thought; and as she sat there thinking, a little mouse ran across the floor. The cat smelt her in the dark, put out a paw and caught her. What a delicious mouthful she would be! But the mouse squeaked out piteously, and begged that her life might be saved. "Very well," said the cat; "but in return you must promise to gnaw a hole in that door opposite, for I have business inside."

The mouse began to gnaw; and she gnawed as hard as she could. She gnawed and she gnawed till all her teeth were broken; and still the hole was so little she couldn't get in herself, let alone the cat.

"Have you any young ones?" said the cat to the mouse.

"Oh yes, I have seven or eight, the finest little family ever you saw."

"Bring me the littlest, then." And the mouse ran away, and came back with a tiny mite of a mousikin.

Then said the cat to the little mousikin, "Now be quick and clever and you'll save your mother's life. Get in through that hole; creep into the lady's bed, and take off the ring from her finger. If you can't get it, bite her finger softly, and she'll take off the ring herself without waking. Then bring it to me."

Mousikin ran in, but in a minute she was back again.

"The lady has no ring on her finger," she cheeped.

"Then it is in her mouth. Go again; creep into her bed; hit her nose with your tail. She will open her mouth and the ring will drop out. Bring it here to me, and you'll have saved your mother's life."

Off ran mousikin, and in another minute she was back with the ring. The mice scurried back to their holes. The cat slipped down the stairs, made a sign to the dog, and they both crept out through the hole in the back door.

"Oh, how pleased our master will be," said the cat.

But the dog was not in a good humor. He was the bigger, and he would have liked to have found the ring and carried it back to Gigi himself. So when they came once more to the river, he said, "If you give me the ring, I'll carry you across." But the cat refused. They quarrelled, and the ring fell into the river. On the instant a fish snapped at it as if it had been a pretty fly. But the dog jumped in, and dived for the fish, caught it and got the ring from its mouth. Then he said to the cat in a grand manner, "Jump on my back, pussy, and I will carry you across." The cat obeyed, but very sulkily; and soon they were on the other side. Not a word did they say to each other that was not angry and quarrelsome all the way up the mountain. The sun had risen by the time they reached the top; and there was their master waiting for them at the palace door.

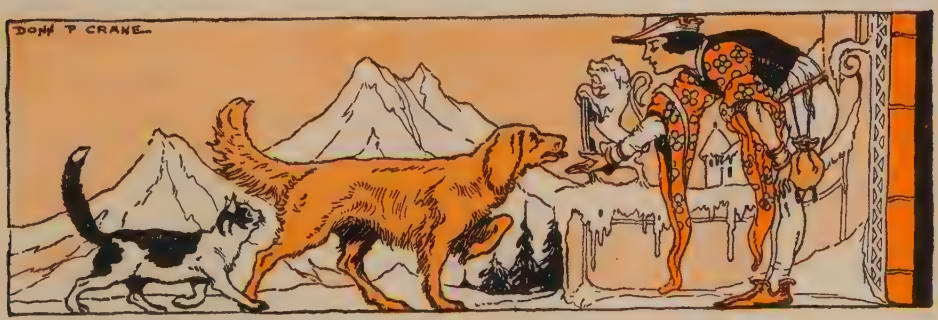
"Have you the ring?" he cried. And the dog dropped it at his feet.

"But 'twas I got it back. By my cleverness, all alone, I got it back," cried the cat.

"How could you ever have reached the place at all had I not carried you over the river?" roared the dog.

"But 'twas I caught the mouse that gnawed the hole—!"

And the dog broke in growling, "It was the least you could do after the trouble I took."



"Dear friends! dear friends!" said Gigi, "do not quarrel! You have both been brave and clever and faithful. You have saved my life between you. I love one as much as the other." And with one hand he caressed the dog, and with the other the cat, and took them into the palace and fed them both. Then they were both the best of friends again, and told their master all their adventures by the way. "Now," said Gigi, "we'll say good-bye to this mountain." He put the ring on his finger, turned it and said, "I wish my palace to descend to the plain and the palace of the faithless Maliarda and her parents to be up here among the ice and snow!"

Next moment both wishes were fulfilled. He was down in the green and flowering plain; and the wicked three in their palace were up on the freezing mountain-top.

Did they ever get down any more? Well, I have heard that Gigi had a little mercy on them after some days of anger. He turned his ring, and wished the faithless three half-way down, whence they could scramble to the level, where trees grew and where there were some scattered huts. But their palace was left up on the top; and much good did it do them there! He never saw them again.

As for Gigi, he soon tired of his fine palace; and when a year and a day had passed from the time he left home, he said to his trusty companions,

"Come, my friends, we'll take to the road again. I have a longing to see my mother and my sister Maria." So he turned back to his own village. On his way he passed through the town where he had met the old woman who had given him the ring, but he could not find her nor hear any news of her. So he hurried on home.

His mother and sister hardly knew him again. That fine young man with the grand clothes their Gigi! Not possible!

"Have you found fortune already, my son?"

"I carry it on my finger." He laughed, and held out the ring.

"Very pretty," said his mother. "But instead of chattering here I should be getting ready your dinner. And nothing you like in the house! Make haste, Maria!"

"Don't trouble," said Gigi. "See what a fine cook I have become!" And there in the middle of the kitchen stood a table loaded with good things to eat—macaroni and roast goose, and grapes and oranges and wine.

"Oh-h-h-h!" cried the two women.

"Sit down and eat," said the young man, "and I'll tell you all my adventures."

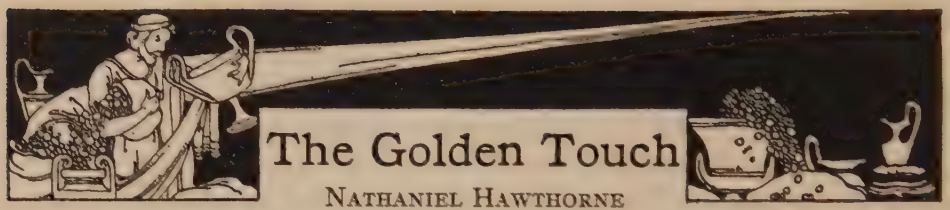
They sat down; he loaded their plates; but they could hardly swallow a mouthful for their wonder at all Gigi told them. When he came to the tale of Maliarda's deceit, they wept and said he was much better at home with them.

"So I think," replied Gigi; "and I am not sure if the old woman's best gift to me be not my good friends here under the table."

"To be sure!" said his mother. "What should a strong hearty young fellow like you do with an enchanted ring? Fine mischief it has got you into already! Give it to me, and I'll hide it away in my wedding-chest among the best sheets and the winter coverlets. With the money you have on you, you can set up for yourself."

"That is so," he replied, "And if the old wife were to pass by one day, who knows but I might give her the ring back again."

Is the ring still in the wedding-chest? Does Gigi ever take it out, put it on his finger and wish? I do not know. When I have passed his way I have seem him ploughing with a fine team of fat oxen, and singing the while, or in the woods with his good friends the cat and dog, for they are still alive and hearty. He has not yet gone back to live in a palace; but all the neighbors envy his mother her good son Gigi.



The Golden Touch

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than anything else in the world. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and time to this one purpose.

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed of this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and beautifullest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth if each of the innumerable rose petals were a thin plate of gold.

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser), Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass large portions of every day in a dark

and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup, and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!" But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tiptop of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter

gleam upon all the piled-up treasure than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into this treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good humoured and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favour. And what could that favour be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth, contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger.

Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment that this stranger, with such a golden luster in his good-humoured smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another,

in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble," said he. "I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

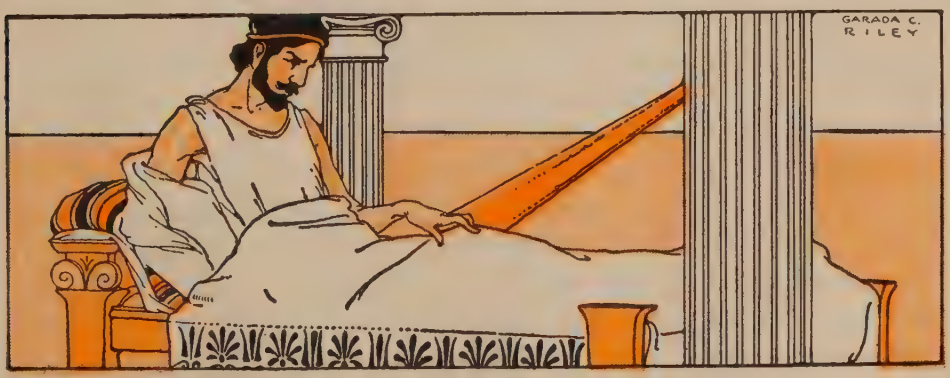
"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "Tomorrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably



in the state of a child's, to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had been making game of him.

All this while, it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very disconsolate mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with nowadays; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured

to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread! Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose. To his great perplexity, however, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. On taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

"It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself. "We cannot expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, at least. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me."

Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and smiled, on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it, in his descent. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in bloom, and others

in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch until every individual flower and bud, and—even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite he made haste back to the palace.

On this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfullest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits, by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and transmuted it to gleaming gold. Meanwhile, Marygold slowly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at

her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

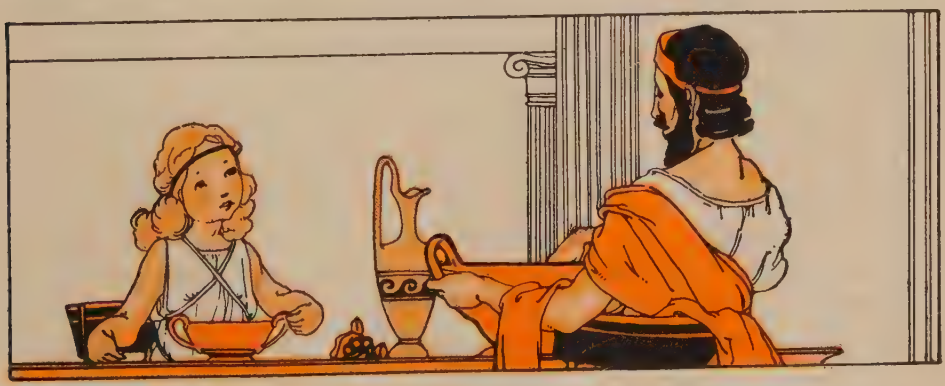
"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not beautiful but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you. But, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter?"

"Poh, my dear little girl—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."



"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful transmutation of her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures, and strange trees and houses, that were painted on the circumference of the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Eat your milk, before it gets quite cold."

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately transmuted from an admirably fried brook trout into a gold-fish. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece

of work, as you may suppose; only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake.

"Well, this is a quandary!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was exces-

sively hungry. Would he be less so by dinnertime? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as breakfast.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat, a moment, gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done. How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter. Now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. There was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again.

Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him, the day before, in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow luster all about the room.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?"

"Oh blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "I will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"O my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing

his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. You appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go then," said the stranger, "plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the riverside. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and

I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!" As he dipped the pitcher in the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. Perceiving a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace. The first thing he did was to sprinkle water over the golden figure of little Marygold.

You would have laughed to see how she began to sneeze and sputter! How astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her! For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue, nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with out-stretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father led her into the garden where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and five-thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold. The other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge which he had never observed.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man and trotted Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this story. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold.

"And to tell you the truth," quoth King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

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